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MAY 21, 1965

ROCK 'N' ROLL: Everybody's Turned On

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



VOL. 85 NO. 21

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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And you can't do that and then tell them not to like people too much.

All you can do is put a new wing on your stewardess college to keep up with the demand.

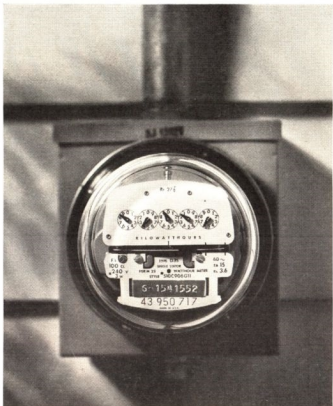
American Airlines

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TIME. MAY 21, 1965



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This is what design logic leads to: safety, comfort, quiet elegance.

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MERCEDES-BENZ



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MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC. A SUBSIDIARY OF DAIMLER-BENZ A. G., GERMANY



It streaked through the blur of insane motion, pressed tightly to his desperately for control, business slipped away, had reached for the craft had been over there was no escape. I been assumed there no safe ejection. l. The canopy was outside. ued behind the p showed what hap ty needle on the climbed off in more than 14 g's from all direc from one side he other, hurled at, yanked him d him agains l. ie burned its began to fall. en miles—to regained con- t was upside atop. Some- strength to de home to e lifted out een beaten

Yeager had upling. It ic places, craft ex- ks all the nd level. e pilots fought



Photo by Fritz Hornsitz

Used 7 years...Reader's Digest still working hard for Zippo

"Reader's Digest has been the mainstay of our advertising program for seven consecutive years," says George G. Blaisdell, founder and president of Zippo Manufacturing Company. "If I were asked for the best single reason why we concentrate our effort in The Digest, I would say 'because it works.' During our seven Digest years, Zippo sales have grown 47%.

"Marked increases in shipments from our plants attest to The Digest's efficiency in reaching the largest possible number of adult readers—and thorough readers at that. We advertise Zippo's priced from \$3.50 to \$20, some even as high as \$175. They all sell in The Digest."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14½ million U.S. families (25 million world-wide) buy each issue.



Steel foil is here!

It's paper-thin, only two-thousandths of an inch. It folds and flexes much like paper. But it's *steel*, and it has the great strength of steel. On top of that, it is tin-coated for corrosion resistance. It can be punched, creased, formed, folded, soldered, laminated, glued, printed, embossed. Innovated by U. S. Steel, it promises to revolutionize packaging and countless household and industrial products.

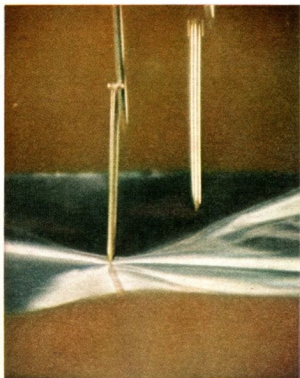


rugged

You can bond steel foil to paperboard to make extra-strong boxes that really take the bumps and knocks of rough handling. Containers made of steel foil laminated to paper keep their strength even when wet. Boxes made with steel foil are crush-resistant so they can be stacked higher than usual, saving valuable floor space.

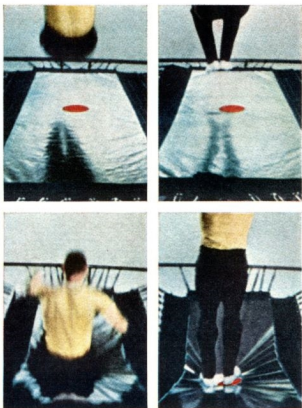


United States Steel: where



puncture-resistant

For all its thinness, steel foil has surprising puncture resistance. It's a great idea for packaging sharp objects like nails. Also, it's a great way to protect fragile products against damage caused by rough handling. Steel foil acts as a barrier against moisture and insects, too. Whatever the package—bag, box, pouch, or pack—steel foil means greater protection.

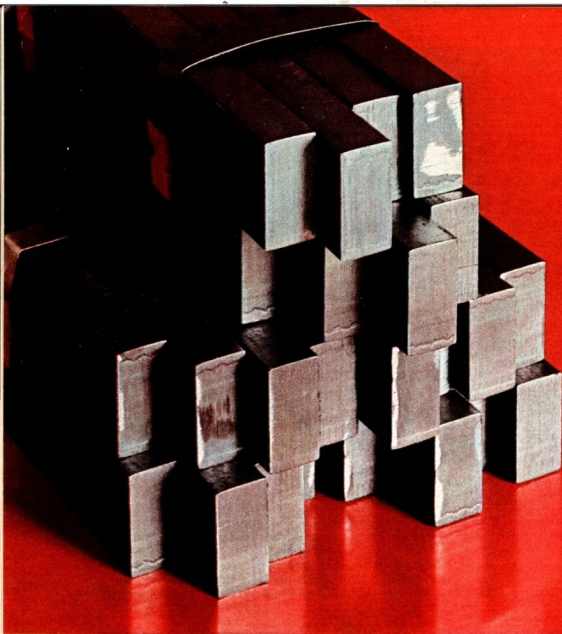


strong

Here's a dramatic demonstration of steel foil's great strength. We built a trampoline of steel foil (no paper backing) and had a tumbler work out on it. The steel foil held up just fine. Summing up: tin-coated steel foil is an innovation from United States Steel; it's very strong, very versatile, and is being experimented with for hundreds of different uses. As if that isn't enough, we're experimentally making steel foil only one-thousandth of an inch thin right now . . . another innovation from United States Steel.

Like to have more information and a sample of steel foil? Write "Innovations," United States Steel, 525 Wm. Penn Place, Room 8094, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

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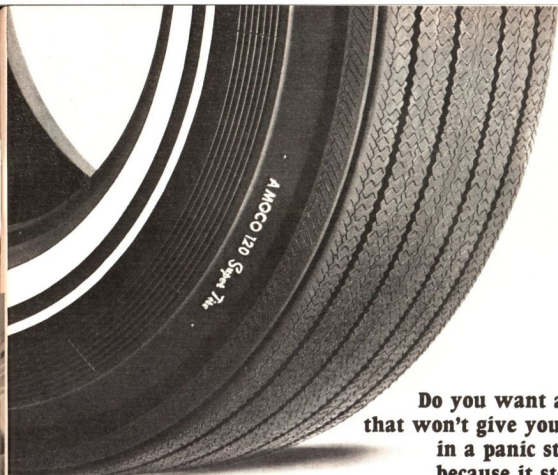
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TIME, MAY 21, 1965



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Do you want a tire that is practically indestructible, and has a written guarantee that will probably just sit around gathering dust?

Do you want a tire that will rack up so many miles you won't believe your odometer?

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Now that reruns are rerunning, perhaps the most useful show anywhere is one that graces New York's WABC-TV at 6:30 a.m. Saturday and Washington's WETA at 12:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday. It is *Project Know's* "Let's Lipread," and not only is it guaranteed not to awaken the rest of the family or the neighbors, but it is fine preparation for those moments when the Early Bird satellite broadcasts' audio breaks down or for determining what politicians caught by zoom lenses on convention floors are saying to one another. For those not fortunate enough to live on the New York-Washington axis, there are a few other worthy shows on the networks:

Wednesday, May 19

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).* "VD: Epidemic," a report on the resurgence of venereal diseases.

Friday, May 21

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Maurice Evans plays the chief steward in a Deauville gambling casino, who tries to tutor an American businessman (Cliff Robertson) in the technique of winning at *chemin de fer*.

FDR (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). "The Grand Assault," the Allied push through Italy, the Teheran Conference and D-day.

Saturday, May 22

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). A preview of the Clay-Linton fight, the Miami-Nassau powerboat race from Miami and the Rebel 300 stock-car race from Darlington, N.C.

Sunday, May 23

DIRECTIONS '65 (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). "The Alchemy of Love," readings of the love poems and letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning by Eric Berry and Marion Seldes.

THE INHERITANCE (NBC, 2-3 p.m.). A re-creation of Biblical history through filmed explorations of Iran, Iraq, Egypt, Jordan and Israel. Color.

NBC SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The Monte Carlo sports-car rally. Color.

Monday, May 24

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The National Driver's Test," an actual examination that viewers can take in their own living rooms, with the most common collision situations visually reproduced.

Tuesday, May 25

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Donald O'Connor hosts a program of "The Music of Cole Porter."

THEATER

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. This revival of the 20-year-old Tennessee Williams play is so much the best serious drama on Broadway that it is as if a graveyard of mediocrity had abruptly kicked off all its tombstones. The cast, headed by Maureen

Stapleton, lacks the distinction of the play, but the glow of this American classic bathes all that it touches.

HALF A SIXPENCE is a kind of cut-rate, cockney *Hello, Dolly!* Tommy Steele is an infectiously beaming entertainer, Onna White's dances burst forth like spring blossoms, and the show's style is to woo rather than wow.

THE ODD COUPLE. Two men suffering hangovers from marriages on the rocks try living together and not liking it. The result is exquisite chaos and inebriating hilarity.

LUV. Murray Schisgal takes three fashionably denuded psyches liberally sprinkled with self-indulgence and garnished with pseudo-Freudian jargon, then roasts them in a hot oven of satire.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Flesh is flesh and spirit is spirit, and rarely the twin do meet. A nonintellectual prostitute (Diana Sands) and a musty book clerk (Alan Alda) make the attempt seem screamingly funny. She tries to improve her mind; he loses his.

Off Broadway

JUDITH. Jean Giraudoux has fashioned a parable on heroism and piety from the story of the Jewess who glorified herself and saved her nation by destroying a conqueror. Rosemary Harris' Judith embraces all the facets of a complex woman.

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. This early Arthur Miller play about the family of a Brooklyn longshoreman is infused with elements of Greek tragedy; a splendid cast gives a moving performance.

RECORDS

Opera

WAGNER: PARFISAL (Philips; 5 LPs). This first stereo version has top credentials: conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch, an eminent Wagnerian, it was recorded at Bayreuth, where Wagner intended his "sacred dramatic festival" to be performed and where the acoustics are ideal—even, unfortunately, for coughs. Knappertsbusch slowly and hypnotically weaves the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and Chorus into a rich tapestry of sound against which budding Heldentenor Jess Thomas as Parsifal, Baritone George London as King Amfortas and Soprano Irene Dalis as the tortured Kundry eloquently play out the medieval legend of renunciation and redemption.

TOSCA (Angel; 2 LPs). Justly famed as Tosca, which she sang on her recent return to the Metropolitan Opera, Maria Callas takes gives performances brimming with passion. But this newly recorded Callas has a nearly unbeatable rival—the Callas of twelve years ago. Since then her voice and even, occasionally, her characterization have hardened, and though the drama may at times be heightened, cerebral firepower is no substitute for vocal beauty. Baritone Tito Gobbi is again a superb Scarpia.

DEBUSSY: PELLÉAS ET MÉLISSANDE (London; 3 LPs). Ernest Ansermet, conductor of l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, deftly evokes visions of the Poe-like castle and moon-bright grotto of Debussy's poetic opera. Musically light-textured, the opera is philosophically dark: early death is the destiny of the young lovers, appealingly

* All times E.D.T.



Keystone Press Agency photograph of the burning of the books, Berlin, May 10, 1933.

These are the books that Hitler burned



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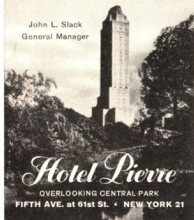
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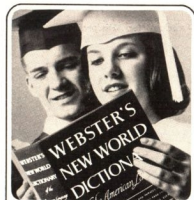
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sung by Dutch Soprano Erna Spoorenberg and French Tenor Camille Maurane.

MONTEVERDI: THE CORONATION OF POPPEA (Angel, 2 LPs). Monteverdi's last opera was the first with psychologically true characters who tell their story in almost continuous melody rather than long declamations. Conducted by John Pritchard for the Glyndebourne Festival, this is a cut-down version, but it includes all the scenes leading up to the triumph of immortality. The able cast includes Tenor Richard Lewis as the love-struck Nero, Soprano Magda Laszlo as Poppea and Soprano Frances Bible as Ottavia.

RENATA TEBALDI (London). The *diva serena* had not recorded for two years, but these nine Italian arias, only one of which she had recorded before, bring generally good news of a still-shimmering voice. Not all the high reaches are easily secured, but her warmth, womanliness and pleading pianissimos are most touching in some of the other roles, notably that of the mother in Cilea's *L'Arlesiana* singing *Esser madre è un inferno*.

CINEMA

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE. Two troubled teen-agers (Peter Kastner and Julie Biggs) suffer growing pains in Toronto, and Canadian Writer-Director Don Owen studies their plight with such cinematic assurance that the problem play turns into a poem.

IL SUCCESSO. As an ambitious young executive who sheds wife, friends and integrity en route from the bottom of the barrel to the top of the heap, Vittorio Gassman demonstrates, sometimes hilariously, sometimes chillingly, how-to-succeed-Italian-style.

THE ROUNDERS. This amiable western spoof is enlivened by Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford as a team of shiftless broncobusters trapped in a love-hate relationship with an obstreperous horse.

THE PAWNBROKER. Recalling the terrors of Nazi death camps amid the squalor of Nazi Harlem, Rod Steiger, in the title role, gives one of the year's grimmest movies the extra impact of a powerful performance.

THE OVERCOAT. A shy office clerk (Roland Bykov) trades his rags for the mantle of tragedy in this exquisite Russian version of Gogol's classic.

A BOY TEN FEET TALL. Huck Finn mixes with Hemingway when a runaway British lad (Fergus McClelland) and a grizzled old diamond poacher (Edward G. Robinson) cross paths in brightest Africa.

RED DESERT. Monica Vitti goes soul-searching amid the blighted landscape of industrial Ravenna as a neurotic young wife whose alienation is stunningly visualized in Director Michelangelo Antonioni's first color film.

ZORBA THE GREEK. Anthony Quinn presses strong red wine from Nikos Kazantzakis' novel, with Oscar Winner Lila Kedrova as the pathetic old jade who is drinking her final toast to life.

BOOKS

Best Reading

This spring augurs better for mystery lovers than for followers of serious fiction. Among the most beguiling on the sleuth are *The French Doll*, by Vincent O'Connor, which has a CIA hero and a racy Paris setting; *The Interrogators*, by Allan Prior, in which two doughty Scotland

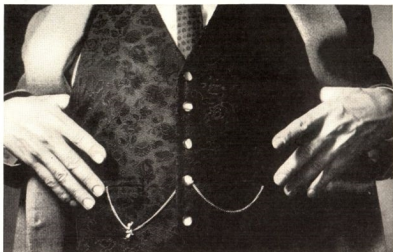


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Yard men are hampered in their pursuit by their heavy drinking; *Midnight Plus One*, by Gavin Lyall, a kaleidoscopic Bondian yarn; and *Cunning as a Fox*, by Kyle Hunt (a pseudonym of John Creasey), in which the sleuth is a psychiatrist hired by the wanted teenager's frantic parents.

The current best among the rest: **LOCKOUT**, by Leon Wolff. The bitter story of the Homestead Strike in 1892, in which workers struck against the lethal working conditions at Andrew Carnegie's steel mill. Henry Clay Frick, Carnegie's second-in-command at the time, retaliated with a hired army of Pinkerton men; in four months of hostilities 35 were killed, 400 injured. When the strike was finally broken, men who were not fired went back to worse conditions and slashed pay.

DREISER, by W. A. Swanberg. A crude, naive natural writer, Dreiser was the founder and embodiment of the realistic school of writing that shocked the country in the first decades of this century. His life, like his work, was stubborn, untidy and wayward. Biographer Swanberg (*Citizen Hears*) has made the most of it.

THE GIANT DWARFS, by Gisela Elsner. A bitterly effective indictment of the Nazi era and the materialistic society that succeeded it. Through the eyes of a brilliant but deformed child, this young German novelist depicts a family's joyless, all-consuming pursuit of money and respectability at the cost of human feeling.

BACK TO CHINA, by Leslie Fiedler. The hero is a guilt collector who enmeshes himself in the misdeeds of others while fastidiously ignoring his gaping lapses of conscience. A good satire on the portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-dirty-dog school.

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The historian-admiral draws heavily on his earlier works to present the sweep of the American story. His perspective on recent history is naturally personal, but the book is solidly readable and laced with many of its author's valuable insights.

I WILL TRY, by Legson Kayira. Determined to get a U.S. education even if he had to walk there, the author, a young African from the Malawi Republic, actually trekked some 800 miles of the way, toward fulfilling his dream.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Ambassador, West (6)
3. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (2)
4. Hotel, Hailey (3)
5. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (4)
6. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (15)
7. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier (9)
8. Hurry Sundown, Gilden (7)
9. The Man, Wallace (8)
10. An American Dream, Mailer (10)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarsjöld (1)
2. Queen Victoria, Longford (2)
3. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (3)
4. The Founding Father, Whalen (4)
5. My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands (5)
6. The Italians, Barzini (6)
7. The Oxford History of the American People, Morison
8. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (7)
9. Life with Picasso, Gilot and Lake (8)
10. Design for Survival, Power (10)

For Pete's sake, is every officer of Central National a yes-man?



This is Bill McSweeney, senior vice president and commercial lending officer, a banker about to say, "yes". Central National Bank in Chicago is a member of the Federal Reserve System and the F.D.I.C.

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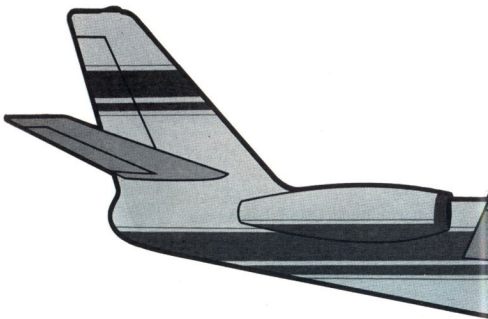
Some of these customers are giant industrialists with specialized needs. It's usually easy to say "yes" to them. Others, however, are men with more future than past. More than anything, they need wise financial counseling. We like to say "yes" to them, too, as often as we can.

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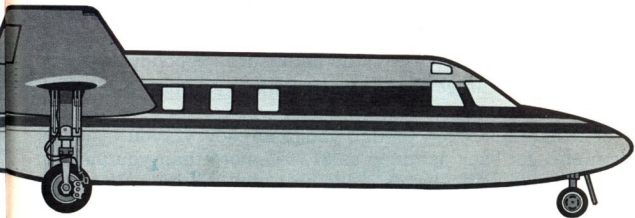
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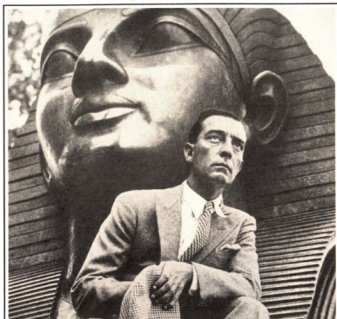
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And the professional through whose shop each winner entered will receive an equivalent prize.

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Offer ends June 15th

This offer ends June 15, 1965, and all winning numbers and "Second Chance" entries must be postmarked by that date. This offer is available to all golfers in the United States except residents of Wisconsin, Nebraska and Florida, and those states where prohibited by law. All winning numbers have been selected at random by electronic computer under the supervision of D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Employees of D. L. Blair, United States Rubber Company, its affiliates or their advertising agencies, or members of the families of those employees are not eligible.

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Blackie: Some people like traditional Scotch.

Whitey: And some prefer the light.

Blackie: Two different tastes.

Whitey: So how could any one Scotch satisfy both?

Blackie: That's why we have two Scotches.

"BLACK & WHITE," the Great Traditional ...

Whitey: And Extra Light "BLACK & WHITE."

Blackie: Both have the character of Scotland in every drop.

Whitey: Equal in quality...

Blackie: Identical in price.

Whitey: Yes, one good Scotch deserves another.

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**Bold new
Brut
for men.
By Fabergé.**

For after shave, after shower,
after anything! **Brut.**

in which she was informed on social work done in this city.

P.M.M. GROOT

The Hague

► TIME had the wrong perspective on the Princess' visit to Amsterdam's seamy section. It is well known that the Princess, a serious student of social conditions, often walks through the city disguised so that she may observe unobserved.

MRS. ROBERT CHELLE

Glenside, Pa.

Critic's Respect

Sir: I appreciate the fairness of your report on my movie-reviewing career [May 14]. I should like to clarify one point: my description of the "cowlike creature" in *The Pumpkin Eater* applied to the character and not to Anne Bancroft, an actress I respect.

(MRS.) JUDITH CRIST

New York City

Montana Pulitzerite

Sir: Yes, it takes time to cover floods. Also courage. Mel Ruder risked life and health and shared news with competing media to keep the public informed [May 14]. When I nominated him for the Pulitzer Prize, there was no elaborate scrapbook. His Hungry Horse News spoke for itself.

DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

Montana Press Association
Missoula, Mont.

His Own Entity

Sir: I appreciate the kind things that you said about me in your review of *Bis Riley's Back in Town* [April 23]. It is difficult for an actor today to bring in any kind of contemporary feeling and not be compared with either Marlon Brando or James Dean. I would like to thank you for pointing out that I may have some entity of my own.

MICHAEL PARKS

Universal City, Calif.

Improving

Sir: Your Essay, "The Other South" [May 7], was long overdue. Your grudging admission that we perform certain functions in conformity with the standards that you sanctimonious people so freely set is appreciated. We think you're improving too.

E. ALLEN MCINTYRE

Beaufort, S.C.

Sir: I was born in the town of Hattiesburg, Miss., and feel nothing but pride when I say that I attended the University of Mississippi ("Ole Miss")—but I do feel nothing but shame when I say that I was a part of the unfortunate, "Ole Miss" riots. I love Mississippi, and I'm proud of its heritage and traditions—the ones that give beauty and enjoyment, the ones that are so much a part of me and of the South. I wish to thank you for having the insight to grant the South a future instead of another condemnation.

MRS. ANTHONY CARAVETTA

Nutley, N.J.

Candid Admissions

Sir: I have reminded my 17-year-old son several times that the Southwest Texas State College isn't exactly what you would consider a "prestige school"—but that one of its graduates now occupies the White House. The inference in your

story on college admissions [May 7] is that you can get a good education at a small school. This pearl of wisdom doesn't seem to have impressed the group of "Ivy League rejects" that hangs out at our house. The favorite topic of conversation at present seems to be, "What school are you transferring to next year?"

Science Worship

Sir: Dr. Vannevar Bush criticizes the excessive faith some laymen have in science and scientists [May 7], yet insists that man must have some faith. Science has so changed our lives that some veneration is not surprising. It has provided concrete changes instead of abstract impossibilities. Because people were taught that only prayer could alleviate their lot, and that blessings demanded enthusiastic thanks, they now bestow this on the scientific community. Dr. Bush need not fear that the problem will be with us with fear: we are becoming blasé already.

PATRICK G. GROGAN

Hamilton, New Zealand

Reminiscence of Murrow

Sir: I read of Edward Murrow's death [May 7] with considerable sorrow. In the early days of World War II, I worked in a BBC studio adjacent to one he used. On quite a few occasions, Murrow came into our room to try out his opening lines on a British audience. One of these remains in my mind very clearly: "I have just come in from Piccadilly Circus tube station. There is a heavy raid in progress. But in the station itself, things appear to be quiet with the exception of a small man in a dirty overcoat who is very busy. He has a stick of chalk in his hand and is dutifully inscribing on the wall 'Home Rule for Wales.' That, in its way, conveys the spirit of London in the middle of this bombing raid at 11 o'clock on a September morning." It is perhaps needless to say that our reaction was unanimous and most appreciative.

JAMES DOUGLAS

Geneva

Resocialization

Sir: I thought that your readers would be interested in knowing of yet another use of the Morton Salt Co.'s [May 7] product: making fresh water into salt water for the joy and comfort of the porpoises at the Cape Coral Gardens here in Florida. Fifty thousand lbs. of table salt were initially poured into the porpoise pool. The porpoise couldn't tell the artificial water from the real thing.

R. H. FINKERNAGEL JR.

Cape Coral, Fla.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Sam Snead demonstrates **HART SCHAFFNER & MARX**-manship



The Bob Hope Desert Classic Golf Tournament Blazer—styled and tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx

He shows his style in HS&M's Bombay...the Desert Classic Blazer

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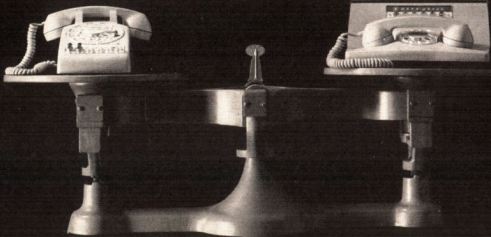
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TIME. MAY 21, 1965

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 21, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 21

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Confident in His Course

President Johnson was still making specific decisions about the war in Viet Nam on a day-by-day, intuitive basis. But he was supremely and serenely confident of the correctness of his general course. And because of that confidence, he was almost philosophical about the criticism that was coming his way. To be sure, he wished the critics would go away, but at least they no longer fired him to fury.

It was in that spirit that he spoke last week to some 1,500 members of the National Association of Home Builders in Washington. "Our first purpose—America's only purpose—is to work with others for the good of all mankind," he said. "But let this be clear: if choice must be made, we would rather that men quarrel with our actions to preserve peace than to curse us through eternity for inaction that might lose both our peace and our freedom."

Cattiness & Caterwauling. Of course, there was plenty of quarreling going on about Administration policy. In a "national teach-in" held in Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel ballroom and beamed to dozens of U.S. college campuses via radio and educational television channels, academicians of varying qualifications arose to attack or defend the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam.

It turned out to be far less an educational forum than a platform for intra-academy cattiness and pointless caterwauling. Anti-Administration speakers showed a woeful lack of accurate information and a disturbing tendency to use only the facts that proved their case for reduction or total abolition of the U.S. involvement in Asia. The star performer—and chief advocate for the Administration—was to have been McGeorge Bundy, the President's No. 1 White House aide on foreign affairs. At the last minute, Bundy sent his regrets, saying only that he could not attend because of "other duties."

Shortage of Targets. Whatever the pros and cons about his policies, the President remained consistent. As always, he was ready to go to the negotiating table—but not as an exercise in futility, and not if the only prospect was to be the abandonment of Viet Nam by the U.S. Time and again, he told White House visitors, he had been

urged by foreign statesmen to negotiate. Time and again he had expressed his willingness. Time and again he had asked those statesmen to go out and find some responsible party for him to negotiate with. So far, no luck.

Early last week U.S. bombings continued in North Viet Nam. Although the U.S. made no point of publicizing the

"Damage Without Conquest." President Johnson never let up in his patient efforts to explain to the U.S., as well as to the Communists, his credo for Viet Nam. In a carefully prepared speech before 150 members of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists in the White House East Room—his tenth foreign policy utterance in two

APR—PICTORIAL



BOMBED FACTORY IN NORTH VIET NAM

Better than to be cursed through eternity.

damage, the raids added to the growing toll that included bridges, highways, communications centers and factory facilities (see cut). Then there was a little lull in the raids against the North. This aroused some talk among pundits that the pause might be an Administration ploy to give Hanoi a breathing spell that could lead to negotiations. Maybe. But bombings of Viet Cong encampments in the South continued. Indeed, there may have been a good deal of truth in the assessment of Air Force Lieut. Colonel Robinson Risner, veteran pilot in South Viet Nam who was in Washington to get a medal (see PEOPLE). When a reporter asked Risner if U.S. flyers were simply running out of bridges to hit in North Viet Nam, Risner said tersely, "Yes, we are."

weeks—the President said, "We know, as our adversaries should also know, that there is no purely military solution in sight for either side. We are ready for unconditional discussions. Most of the non-Communist nations of the world favor such unconditional discussions. And it would clearly be in the interest of North Viet Nam to now come to the conference table. For the continuation of war without talks means only damage without conquest."

Then, in an obvious effort to drive a wedge between North Viet Nam and Red China, the President said: "Communist China apparently desires the war to continue, whatever the cost to their allies. Their target is not merely South Viet Nam. It is Asia. Their objective is not the fulfillment of Vietnamese na-

tionalism. It is to erode and to discredit America's ability to help prevent Chinese domination over all of Asia." Speaking slowly and emphatically, he added: "In this domination they shall never succeed. And I am continuing, and I am increasing the search for every possible path to peace."

For Works of Peace. Johnson spoke at length about economic aid in South Viet Nam—the third of the "three Ds" in his policy of determination, discussions and development. The U.S., he said, has pumped \$2 billion into the country since 1954. "With our help," he declared, "South Viet Nam has already doubled its rice production. We have already helped vaccinate over 7,000,000 people against cholera and millions more against other diseases. More than a quarter-million young Vietnamese can now learn in more than 4,000 classrooms that America has helped to build; and 2,000 more schools are going to be built by us in the next twelve months. The number of students in vocational schools has gone up four times. The 8,000,000 textbooks that we have supplied to Vietnamese children will rise to more than 15 million by 1967."

Yet, said the President, there is more to be done, and he urged that other nations should help. Said Johnson: "I call on every other industrialized nation, including the Soviet Union, to help create a better life for all of the people of Southeast Asia. Surely, surely, the works of peace can bring men together in a common effort to abandon forever the works of war."

Cheers from a Cheerleader

Whenever it starts feeling lonely in Southeast Asia, the U.S. can always take heart in at least one staunch, cheerleading, on-the-field friend. That friend is Thailand, and visiting the U.S. last week was one of the Thais' brainiest and most articulate spokesmen, Thanat Khoman, 51, onetime Ambas-

sador to the U.S. and to the United Nations, now his country's able Foreign Minister.

No man to outshout the more vociferous of campus critics, Thanat employed reason and restrained passion to speak up for the U.S. in Southeast Asia and, as he sees it, for the future of freedom there. He sounded his theme on radio-TV's *Meet the Press*. Asked whether current American policy has made the U.S. "extremely unpopular" with Asia, Thanat said no. "I think what the U.S. has been doing in South Viet Nam will go into history as a courageous decision, and measures which will save not only South Viet Nam but the whole of Southeast Asia from Communist domination. In other words, Southeast Asia will owe its freedom and independence to what the United States and the soldiers are doing there."

"Don't Come Back." Addressing a luncheon meeting of Washington's National Press Club, Thanat said: "As we see it from the perspective of Southeast Asia, the war is one of conquest—nothing more, nothing less. It is not a civil war, not a white man's war. Some people try to make us believe that it is a war of national liberation. To say the least, that is a euphemism. Just ask those who live in the so-called liberated territories. They will tell you, in no uncertain terms, that life is miserable."

Thanat recalled that of the more than 60,000 North Vietnamese refugees living in Thailand, half had been seduced by Ho Chi Minh's propaganda machine into returning home. But they had no sooner returned than the Communists stripped them of the possessions that they had brought with them from Thailand. Says Thanat: The returned refugees sent word back to their countrymen in Thailand—"Don't ever come back to this paradise."

Neutralization of Viet Nam, he said, is a false solution to the problems there. "In our language this means you get

peace for another six months and afterwards have to endure the yoke of Communism." Nor is surrender or U.S. withdrawal the answer. "We don't want to surrender, and we don't want to join the slave camp. That is why each and every one of the 30 million people of Thailand support the policy of the United States of standing firm against aggression." As for bombing North Vietnamese targets: "It is a hard decision to have to resort to force to meet force. But I think the future will bear out that this courageous position will not only have preserved peace in Southeast Asia and South Viet Nam, but will go into history as a most important measure to save the freedom of South Viet Nam and the whole of Southeast Asia."

Summing Up. Moving on from Washington, the Foreign Minister spoke to the World Affairs Council in Pittsburgh, toured a Peace Corps Training Center at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, addressed students of foreign affairs in Detroit, Phoenix, Los Angeles and San Francisco. By week's end, as he wound up his tour, the judgment of those who heard Thanat Khoman seemed virtually unanimous: a man of impressive intellect and single-minded determination. That determination he summed up to a group of visitors in his own homeland recently: "We here in Thailand have no place to retreat to. So we will make our first stand and our last stand here. We intend to preserve at any cost the heritage transmitted by our forefathers, our culture, our civilization and our traditions—our nation."

THE PRESIDENCY

Work Done

Aside from dealing with foreign relations, President Johnson last week:

► Sent to Congress a request for \$853 million in federal pay raises—a 3% hike for civilian workers and a 4.8% raise for military men with more than two years' service. Included was a controversial request that Congress relinquish its traditional control over Government salary increases and turn it over to the executive branch. Under Johnson's plan, a ten-man commission would review top executive salaries (such as the Cabinet's) every four years and lower-echelon salaries every year. The commission would propose pay changes that would automatically go into effect unless Congress acted to reject them within 60 days.

► Issued a tough executive order demanding that top Administration aides (Cabinet members, agency heads, and about 2,000 others) file within 90 days full statements of their financial interests—including stocks and assets held by their wives and children. Said Johnson: "We cannot tolerate conflicts of interest or favoritism—or even conduct which gives the appearance that such actions are occurring—and it is our intention to see that this does not take place in the Federal Government."



THAILAND'S THANAT KHOMAN IN LOS ANGELES
You can tell conquest from "liberation" if you live there.

A Chance to Roam

With the high spirits of a pack of campfire girls, the ladies from Washington headed south through the green hills of Virginia last week. "Y'all have a good time," ordered Lyndon B. Johnson as his spouse and nine Cabinet wives left the White House on the First Lady's two-day "Landscapes and Landmarks" tour of the Old Dominion. A late arrival was Muriel Humphrey, wife of the Vice President, who managed to join the silver Trailways bus 40 minutes down the road.

The twofold object of the trip was to publicize the Administration's see-America-first campaign—part of the drive to stem the outflow of tourist dollars—and to boost its new highway-beautification program. Taken along as tour guides were Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, Federal Highway Administrator Rex M. Whitton and Laurance Rockefeller, chairman of a White House conference on natural beauty.

The Blight. First stop, an hour out of Washington, was "Dumfries wayside shelter," an undistinguished oasis on Interstate 95 with two picnic tables and a red-brick colonial toilet. "Virginia highways are the cleanest and least cluttered in the nation," boasted Virginia's Governor Albertis Harrison Jr. as Lady Bird dedicated the site, first roadside rest area to be financed under the interstate expressway program.

A bit later, the bus swung briefly onto old U.S. 1 for a glimpse of roadside blight—junkyards, billboards and used-car lots. Whitton commended owners of automobile junkyards, which he called "disassembling yards," who have tried to screen the rusting hulks from passing motorists; the Department of Commerce counts 17,760 auto graveyards and scrap heaps lining the country's main roads.

At Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's stately home near Charlottesville, Lady Bird presented a seedling from a White House white horse chestnut and received a slight blow to the ego when William S. Hildreth, president of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, didn't recognize her as she started down the reception line. When his wife later chided him, he lamely explained: "Well, I didn't know. She wasn't wearing a name tag."

The Barter. At Abingdon, the tourists attended the Barter Theater's performance of *Julius Caesar*, and the First Lady presented the theater's annual award to Presidential Arts Adviser Roger Stevens for his contributions as a Broadway producer. In keeping with the little theater's name, the group bargained its way past the box office: Lady Bird unwrapped another White House seedling, and Mrs. Humphrey brought a bucket of vegetables—"not to be thrown."

Next morning, as Lady Bird slept in, Udall left his wife and Mrs. Robert S. McNamara, wife of the Secretary of



MRS. JOHNSON & FRIENDS*

You can't tell a Lady Bird without a name tag.

Defense, along with reporters and photographers to the top of Sharp Top Mountain (elevation 3,875 ft.) to show off the Blue Ridge Mountains and make a pitch for conservation. With an investment of \$150 in camping equipment, his department points out, a family of four can spend a weekend outdoors for only \$36.

Mixing a little homespun verse with the great outdoors, Lady Bird quoted the lines of an anonymous staff member: "The heart that travels far is doubly blessed, first by a chance to roam and then to rest."

YOUTH

Expectations, Great & Small

Marine Lewis, a Choctaw girl from Mississippi, quit school four years ago at the age of 15 and then just stayed home. "Mostly," she says, "I slept." Now Marine is part of a Federal Government effort to awaken her—and girls like her. She is a volunteer at the new Women's Job Corps Center in Cleveland that was getting organized last week with a 46-girl vanguard from ten states—20 Negroes, 15 whites, nine American Indians and two Puerto Ricans. Soon the Cleveland installation will number 325, all between 16 and 21, out of school and out of work and, until the Federal anti-poverty program came along, out of prospects.

For the Women's Job Corps, along with the already established male Job Corps, Congress has appropriated \$190 million (the girls in Cleveland will cost the Government an estimated \$6,200 apiece for the first year). By the end of June, five girls' centers, all in cities, will be operating. They will accommodate about 1,100 girls, compared with the 47 male Job Corps facilities presently housing some 8,900 young men. Congress willing, Job Corps expenditures will go up to \$280 million in the new fiscal year, and enrollment by the

end of 1966 will be about 100,000. At the beginning of May, there were already 175,000 applicants waiting to be screened.

Girls need the Job Corps more than boys, judging by the latest Labor Department unemployment figures: 13.6% for girls in the 16-to-21 group, 11.9% for boys (the figure for the entire population is 4.9%). Yet four boys apply for every one girl, probably because their family attachments are less strong. The maximum stay for an individual will be two years; the average is expected to be one year.

Simple Pleasures. To a girl who never had anything, least of all expectations, the beginning of life can be new underwear, decent meals and the hope of one day being able to get and hold a job. Many of the girls who came to Cleveland had been frightened by the prospect of their first plane ride (three others going to another center turned back rather than fly). Most feared that they were getting into a kind of reform school. Actually, they will get the regimentation of an old-fashioned girls' boarding school, with supervised general and vocational education, plus training in housekeeping and child rearing.

All liked what they found, if not exactly for all the right reasons. One girl, who explains that she had owned only one tattered pair of panties before, became ecstatic over being able to buy five pairs out of the \$75 charge account given each volunteer to supplement her Government-issue wardrobe.

* All, with the exception of Mrs. Peggy Lower, president of the Associated Clubs of Virginia for Roadside Development (in sunglasses, behind Lady Bird), are wives of members of the President's official family. From left: Mrs. Stewart Udall, Mrs. Willard Wirtz, Mrs. John Connor, Mrs. Orville Freeman, Mrs. John Gronouski, Lady Bird, Mrs. Lower, Mrs. Anthony Celebrezze, Mrs. Hubert Humphrey, Mrs. Nicholas Katzenbach, Mrs. Robert McNamara.

robe. The girls will receive an additional \$65 allowance for winter clothing later in the year. Recruits also get \$30 a month pocket money and \$50 a month put aside for when they leave the Job Corps. Out of this \$50, the trainees may send up to \$25 home, and in that event, the Government matches it.

Of the 46 girls in Cleveland, all but nine arrived with serious dental troubles. Milk was so strange to some that they could not get used to it, insisted on drinking soda pop with their meals, even breakfast. One girl, though, drank three glasses of milk at every meal. Another, who had never tasted broccoli, liked it so much when she tried it that she returned for second and third helpings every time it was on the menu. To

FRANK ALEXANDER/CORBIS



WOMEN'S JOB CORPS RECRUITS IN CLEVELAND
And a room to weep over—in delight.

still another, mashed potatoes was such a delightful new experience that now she could not get enough of it. Some had never had a bed to call their own, others had never slept on sheets, and some wept with pleasure on seeing their bedrooms. Each girl has two roommates and a bed, closet and dresser to herself.

"Pretty Nice." They were happy talking about their futures. Some, like Marine, know the jobs they want to train for. "I like to take care of little kids," she said. She will probably be trained to work in a nursery. Carmen Velezi, 16, a tiny girl with long black hair, comes from Newark, N.J., and can talk quite intelligently—but only in Spanish. She hopes to learn English well enough to get a job as a secretary or a beautician. Paulette Prentice of Pittsburgh managed to finish high school but couldn't hold even menial jobs. "I'm not too smart," the 19-year-old Negro girl is smart enough to realize. "I want to learn data processing and accounting machines. This is pretty nice. I thought it would be like a correction camp. The people here are nice. The food is wonderful."

THE CONGRESS

Effort toward Efficiency

Like the weather, the ponderous machinery of the U.S. Congress is a subject for lots of talk and little action. The last time that anyone did anything about it was in 1945, when the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette Jr., Progressive from Wisconsin, and Representative Mike Monroney, Oklahoma Democrat, headed a committee that investigated congressional procedures. Out of that investigation came a legislative reorganization act that, among other things, cut the number of standing congressional committees from 81 to 34, and required Capitol Hill lobbyists to register.

Last fall, 20 years later, Monroney, now a Senator, decided that congressional procedures again needed streamlining. Said he: "Our population has grown from 140 million to nearly 190 million; our gross national product from \$218 billion to \$623 billion; space and atomic-energy issues have now overshadowed the issues such as which towns get new post offices, and world trade and world credit have replaced the old RFC problems. Our machinery to carry the mammoth load of old and new items needs updating, overhauling, modernizing and revising." And last week, Monroney and Indiana's Democratic Representative Ray J. Madden, as co-chairmen of a twelve-man Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress, began hearings to try to do just that. They found no lack of free advice.

Root of Evil. Pennsylvania's Democratic Senator Joseph S. Clark had no less than 27 separate proposals up his sleeve, including two that dealt with one of Clark's pet peeves: the seniority system of selecting committee chairmen. Clark suggested that henceforth chairmen be elected by secret ballot taken among each committee's majority party members, further urged that a mandatory retirement age of 70 be imposed on all chairmen. Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire, mindful of the fact that nine of the Senate's 16 standing committees are chaired by Southerners, wanted to see no more than half of all chairmanships held by Senators from a single geographical region. Arizona's Democratic Representative Morris Udall thought that majority party caucuses at the beginning of each Congress should elect committee chairmen from among the three senior majority party members on each committee. Udall plainly felt that the seniority system was the root of all congressional evil. Said he: "Like an old man with a bad tooth, Congress has one basic illness, and all the other impairments and weaknesses are related to it."

There were other suggestions as well. Wisconsin's Proxmire recommended that the Senate and House appropriations committees hire private business-efficiency firms to review the President's budget requests and evaluate the effectiveness of Government agencies. Okla-

homa's Democratic Representative Ed Edmondson wanted more use of electronic equipment, including closed-circuit television of sessions of both houses to members' offices, and electronic voting. New York's Democratic Representative Benjamin Rosenthal, who recently had an efficiency expert study his own office staff's procedure, thought every Congressman should have access to such help. Rosenthal also suggested a central personnel pool for shorthanded Congressmen, a digest of news and editorial comment for Congressmen, regular annual summer vacations.

Any More Ideas? Wisconsin's Democratic Representative Henry Reuss suggested that Congress establish an office of administrative counsel, which would represent constituents in their battles with administrative agencies. "The time has come to consider very seriously the Americanization of this ombudsman[®] device," Reuss said.

The Monroney-Madden committee will hear two more weeks of testimony from Congressmen, later listen to political scientists, businessmen, labor leaders, and anyone else who has ideas about how to streamline Congress. The committee has until the end of next January to report its recommendations.

Dr. Ward's Last Words

American Medical Association President Dr. Donovan F. Ward, a Dubuque, Iowa, surgeon, knew full well that his testimony would not "stay in the slightest degree the hand of the Senate in the approval of this bill." But the prospect of imminent congressional approval of the Administration's \$6 billion-a-year medicare bill did not deter Ward from uttering some last words about his organization's opposition to the measure. Last week, before the Senate Finance Committee, he did just that, without rancor but with deep feeling.

"This may be your last chance to weigh the consequences of taking the first step toward establishment of socialized medicine in the United States," he said. Noting that a deterioration in medical service could be expected once the plan went into force, he continued:

"All physicians soon learn they must expect instances of patients, particularly among the elderly, who seek treatment for vague ailments with ill-defined symptoms merely to have someone to talk to. When costs get out of line, and let me assure you they will, there are three possible courses of action. The first is to reduce the benefits; the second is to increase taxes; the third is to impose Government controls on the services in an attempt to control costs. We know welfare benefits are not likely to be cut back once the public has learned to enjoy them. Certainly, con-

[®] Ombudsmen are officers, in Scandinavian countries and New Zealand, to whom a citizen with a grievance against the government can turn for intercession and relief.

stantly increasing taxes are undesirable. This leaves the third approach: controlling the providing of services. This bill contains the mechanism for doing exactly that."

Two Out of Three. Ward asked the committee to delete two of the bill's three main provisions: the social security-financed hospitalization plan for all people 65 and older, and a voluntary insurance program that would cost \$3 a month and provide 80% of the cost of doctors' fees (after the first \$50) and medical extras, such as X rays, lab tests and wheelchair rental. In their place, Ward suggested the A.M.A.'s "Eldercare" plan, an expansion of the present Kerr-Mills medical-assistance-for-the-aged program.

Specifically, he recommended 1) a sliding scale of income eligibility for those covered by the bill; 2) state and local administration of the program; 3) that the program offer something more than medicare's "single type of standardized protection which is certain to be unsuitable for many"; 4) that the major health-insurance carriers be designated the underwriters of any such program because of their previous experience in the field; and 5) that the insurance carriers be legally permitted to recognize the "customary" charges made by physicians rather than Government-set "reasonable" fees.

"The Ultimate Sufferer." Concluding, Ward said: "The American system of medicine for generations has been a system of quality medicine practiced through a voluntary relationship between patients and physicians, with doctors free to make decisions based on the patients' specific needs and nothing else. Forget for a moment the staggering, though unpredictable, cost of the pending program. Ignore the administrative problems that it would create, and the burden it means for wage earners at the low end of the income scale. Look only at the intrusion of Government in the field of medicine, which cannot be avoided if this measure is adopted. With the quantity of care thus restricted for the sake of controlling costs, the quality must deteriorate. The patient is the ultimate sufferer."

NEW YORK

The Candidate & the Clamor

"I, for one, cannot stand by while the decline and fall of New York continues headlong," said Manhattan's Republican Representative John V. Lindsay, and, so saying, announced his candidacy for mayor against Democrat Robert Wagner.

The reaction was extraordinary. For the rest of the week, New York City newspapers filled whole pages with accounts of Lindsay's activities. Editorialists and columnists extolled his virtues. Lindsay's candidacy, said the New York Times, "means that for the first time in years, the minority party is presenting a candidate who offers a real choice to the voter, who will fight

a real contest, and who has a real chance to win." The Post's Doris Fleenor called Lindsay "a great thoroughbred with breeding and heart." All 13 of Lindsay's fellow G.O.P. Congressmen from New York issued a statement telling of the city's vital need for "the bold and vigorous and understanding leadership that a John Lindsay can give." Cried Republican State Chairman Carl Spad: "John Lindsay is the right candidate in the right election in the right year." And Republican Senator Jack Javits seemed almost beside himself. Terming Lindsay's candidacy "potentially very important to the G.O.P. nationally," Javits added: "If we make good in New York, it should have a fantastic effect on the country

gin every time since, and in 1964 he had an 81,000-vote plurality.

To New York City Republicans, generally a sorry lot, Lindsay looked like the man who had everything. But the G.O.P. had an awful time getting Lindsay to run for mayor. Last March he announced that he would not be a candidate, giving as his reason the fact that congressional business would prevent him from waging an all-out campaign.

What made him change his mind? He was undoubtedly beginning to feel a bit frustrated in the House: he has nowhere near the seniority to exercise committee power, and his liberalism has kept him out of his own party's top councils. Moreover, he was under steady, heavy pressure, particularly

EDWARD HAUSSER—THE NEW YORK TIMES



REPUBLICAN LINDSAY & FAMILY

And conscience, and a smile, and a war record—for votes.

and contribute great strength to the progressive Republican cause everywhere."

The Man Who Has Everything. Who was all the shouting about? John Vliet (his mother's surname) Lindsay is certainly a most attractive politician. He is young—43. He is tall (6 ft. 3 in.) and handsome, with a pleasant smile and a rapid tongue. He comes from a proper Manhattan family—his father was an investment banker—and he went to the right schools: St. Paul's, Yale, and Yale Law. As a Navy lieutenant, he came out of World War II with five battle stars. He has a show-case family, including wife Mary, three daughters and a five-year-old son. He is a certified liberal with the distinct advantage—especially in New York City—of having refused to support Barry Goldwater for President.

And he is a remarkable vote getter. Since 1959, he has represented Manhattan's so-called "silk stocking" district; it includes Park Avenue, Fifth Avenue and Sutton Place, but it also embraces the seamier realms of Greenwich Village and the East Side. In his first election he won by only 7,800 votes. He has vastly increased that mar-

from his close ally Jack Javits, who sees in Lindsay the last, best chance to prevent Bobby Kennedy from seizing complete control of New York politics. Finally, Lindsay unquestionably is a man of conscience, and his conscience was hurting him. As he explained after declaring his candidacy: "I was born and have lived in New York City all my life. I enter this fight because conscience and duty compel me and because I believe that with proper leadership our city can once again be restored as the Empire City of the world. Cities are for people and for living, and yet under its present tired administration, New York City has become a place that is no longer for people or for living."

The Cliché. Democrat Bob Wagner's regime may be tired, but it is not about to roll over and play dead. At 55, running for his fourth four-year term, the mayor looks older, wearier and pouchier than ever—but he is recognized as a real master in the art of political survival. On the day that Lindsay announced his candidacy, Wagner found himself in the position of announcing a record city budget of \$3.87 billion, involving \$255 million of what Wagner

lately described as "borrow now, repay later" financing. That was embarrassing, but Wagner has come back strong from much worse embarrassments. No one would claim that Wagner has been a great mayor, but New York has had a lot worse ones, and Wagner at least has a reputation for honesty, a commodity not always in surplus supply among the city's politicians. And then, New York City just happens to have some 2,378,000 registered Democrats (plus about 63,000 Liberal Party members who can usually be counted on to vote Democratic) as against 698,000 registered Republicans (plus 31,000 Conservative Party members who cannot be counted on for anything).

Finally, there is the fact that Lindsay, at least in his opening-week speeches, seemed to base his campaign almost exclusively on what an awful place New York City is. This could be dangerous. To be sure, the city's streets have plenty of potholes—but they are also lined by some of the world's most magnificent buildings. There are large and desperate pockets of poverty, but New York remains far and away the world's wealthiest city. Lindsay is strongly Manhattan-oriented, but the city has four other boroughs, and what applies to Manhattan does not necessarily apply to The Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn or Staten Island. Residents of a green and pleasant Staten Island community might almost have been hearing about a foreign country last week when Congressman Lindsay told them of a city where "streets are dirty and unsafe . . . crime and brutality are rampant . . . and the vicious cycle of slum-living continues."

Thus, in his opening effort, Lindsay seemed to be falling for that old and not necessarily true cliché about how New York is—a nice-place-to-visit-but-I-wouldn't-want-to-live-there. Fact is, more than 8,000,000 people do live there, and most are proud of it.



F.D.R. JR.

He is interested, frankly.

DEMOCRATS

Frank's Future

When John Kennedy named Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. to be Under Secretary of Commerce early in March 1963, he had every intention of boosting him eventually into the No. 1 spot at Commerce, then held by Luther Hodges. To give Roosevelt some showcase exposure before the promotion, Kennedy sent him into Appalachia with orders to find a prescription for poverty there. But a year later, when Roosevelt submitted his 93-page report, Lyndon Johnson was in the White House.

Lyndon praised Roosevelt's Appalachia work, used it as a base for much of his own anti-poverty program. But the President did not consider "Frank" to be of Cabinet caliber, and last January Johnson selected Drug Executive John T. Connor to replace the retiring Hodges. Said Roosevelt: "I was disappointed in not being picked, but who wouldn't be? I'm objective enough to know that a businessman should fill that office." Connor and Roosevelt got along all right, but the Secretary wanted to have a top deputy of his own choosing. Roosevelt was a bit restless too.

Out of Space. Finally last week the President solved it for everyone. He named Frank Roosevelt, 50, to a two-year term as the first chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, an agency created under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The board begins its official function on July 2, investigating specific complaints of job discrimination on the basis of race, religion, national origin or sex among labor unions or employers with 25 or more workers. Beyond "informal methods of conference, conciliation and persuasion," the commission cannot do much about intransigent violators except to wait for already overworked Civil Rights Division lawyers in the Justice Department to bring suits.

The commission's job was not made any easier by the fact that Johnson waited so long to make his appointment. Said Roosevelt himself: "We don't have any space, any staff, any budget for 1966, any guidelines." Beyond that, Roosevelt does not even know any of the other four commission members.*

Not Cool, but Chilled. On paper, Roosevelt's new job would seem to be a first-rate launching platform for what he really wants to do: run next year against Nelson Rockefeller for Governor of New York. "I would be less than Frank," said Frank last week, "if I didn't say that I was interested in the

governorship. I would be flattered if the party wanted me or drafted me." But the civil rights and minority group votes do not come automatically—not even to a Roosevelt, as Brother Jimmy discovered last month when he was soundly trounced in the Los Angeles mayoralty election. And several civil rights spokesmen were less than enthusiastic about Frank Roosevelt's appointment. Said Donald Slaiman, director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s civil rights department: "We were not only cool to Roosevelt's selection, but chilled. He just doesn't have any civil rights experience." Said Clarence Mitchell, a director of the N.A.A.C.P.: "I didn't exactly think of it as a good choice."

Teddy's Test

In his 2½ years as a Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, Teddy Kennedy has established himself as a pleasant young man who listens respectfully to his elders. But last week Teddy talked back—and, though he narrowly lost his first major legislative test, he handled himself with a skill and a cool political opportunism that bodes well for his future.

Lost Sheep. Teddy was the leader of a band of Senate liberals attempting to tack onto the voting-rights bill an amendment to outlaw poll taxes in state and local elections. The move was strongly opposed by President Johnson, Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield, and Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, who questioned the constitutionality of Teddy's amendment.

Teddy helped mobilize labor and church groups behind the amendment, enlisted Harvard Law Professor Paul Freund to tutor him in the constitutional issues, spent hours on the telephone with such colleagues as New York's Jacob Javits, his chief Republican ally, and did personal lobbying in the corridors. Brother Bobby feigned indifference and pointedly did not join 38 co-sponsors of



THE KENNEDY BROTHERS

He talked back to his elders, ably.

* Mrs. Eileen Hernandez, a Negro, assistant chief of California's Fair Employment Practices Division; Richard A. Graham, a Wisconsin businessman who is currently heading the Peace Corps contingent in Tunisia; the Rev. Luther Holcomb, executive director of the Greater Dallas Council of Churches and chairman of the advisory committee of the Texas Civil Rights Commission; Samuel C. Jackson, a Negro lawyer from Topeka, Kans.

the amendment, but he worked actively behind the scenes for it. For the opposition, Dirksen set about swinging wavering Republicans back into line. His technique differs considerably from the arm-twisting tactics made famous by Lyndon Johnson. "Senator Dirksen doesn't work this way," explained New Jersey Republican Clifford Case, who supported the amendment. "He takes a little longer. He does it with oleaginous applications of one sort or another." On the eve of the vote, Dirksen felt certain that his applications had been effective. "I brought three lost sheep back into the fold," he confided, "and I'll get another one tomorrow morning."

Clan Within. When the showdown came, the Kennedy clan was on hand in force. Watching from the Senate gallery were Teddy's wife, Joan, in a pink frock; Sister Eunice Shriver; and Bobby's wife, Ethel. Temporally presiding over the session was Bobby himself. Taking the floor against the amendment, Dirksen asked: "If Congress can tell the states by statute this afternoon that they cannot impose a poll tax, why not tell them they cannot impose a cigarette tax or any other tax?" Democratic Leader Mansfield worried that the amendment might endanger the entire voting-rights bill. "The choice," he said, "is between the course of risk and the course of sureness."

Teddy was neither awed nor swayed. Wearing a navy-blue suit with a PT-boat tie clasp, and leaning on a silver-headed cane, he arose at the front-row desk next to Mansfield's, which he had appropriated for the occasion, and speaking from notes, defended the first major item of legislation he had ever managed on the floor. "It is a settled constitutional doctrine," orated Teddy, by way of rationalizing a universal ban on poll taxes, "that where Congress finds an evil to exist, such as the economic burden in this case, it can apply a remedy which may affect people outside the evil."

Delays Ahead. In the tense roll-call vote, Teddy's amendment lost, 49 to 45. But the Administration owed its victory to the votes of Republicans and segregationist Democrats, and Teddy appeared to be everybody's civil rights champion. Even Dirksen congratulated him for his smooth handling of the amendment.

Still, the price of Teddy's performance had been a weeks-long delay of the voting-rights bill in the Senate, and the aftereffects would probably keep the measure tied up much longer. Some Republicans—bitterly realizing that they will probably be blamed by civil rights for defeating the amendment, though they would hardly have received credit for supporting it—were having second thoughts about bipartisanship in civil rights. Dirksen, fearing that he no longer could promise enough G.O.P. votes to shut off a Southern filibuster, warned, "We are in difficulties at the moment. I would not want to be associated with a cloture motion that failed."



MISS PERKINS WITH GREEN & LEWIS
She said it, then stopped.

THE CABINET

The Last Leaf

Descended of New England Puritans, victor of many savage Albany battles involving labor-management relations, Frances Perkins was not about to bend before Washington's political winds. "Being a woman has only bothered me in climbing trees," was her one concession to critics who howled when Franklin Roosevelt appointed her Secretary of Labor in 1933—the first woman Cabinet member in U.S. history.

"The accusation that I am a woman is incontrovertible," she allowed at another point, shaking her trim tricorne hat like a panache at the antifeminists. William Green, doughty president of the A.F.L., accepted the challenge. "Labor," he said grimly, "will never be reconciled to her appointment."

"Call Me Madam Secretary." During the following twelve years—the era of New Deal reform, unprecedented labor strife and the huge demands of World War II—the tricorne hat, the patrician Boston accent and the impassioned air of the social worker became a signal for battle to opponents of the Secretary of Labor. John L. Lewis, caustic head of the United Mine Workers, called her "woozy in the head," adding that although she would make an excellent housekeeper she didn't know as much about economics "as a Hottentot does about moral law."

"The attitude of both labor and employer toward Miss Perkins," snapped New York's churlish Robert Moses, "is a good deal like that of habitués of a waterfront saloon toward a visiting lady slummer—grim, polite and unimpressed." Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior was constantly annoyed by her. "She talks in a perfect torrent, almost without pausing to take breath," he complained.

But F.D.R., who as Governor of New York had admired her work as

his industrial commissioner, remained a staunch backer and more than once refused her offer to resign. Much of his New Deal legislation, including the monumental social security law, could be traced directly to her influence.

Despite Ickes' blasts, Madam Perkins, as she was often called ("Call me Madam Secretary," she had told her staff), tried to corral her tongue and happily recounted the amazed remark of that gnarled old Texan, Vice President John Nance Garner, after Roosevelt's first Cabinet meeting: "You're all right. You've got something on your mind, you said it, and then you stopped." Said Madam Perkins: "I guess he feared I would be a vague woman—not quite sure of anything. Really I don't believe men would long tolerate vague women in public office."

At Hull House. The press found her positively closemouthed about her private life. "We New Englanders like to keep ourselves to ourselves," she said. She was brisk with reporters. "When I was a child," she said, "my father used to rap on the table and say, 'Don't waste people's time with vapors. If you have anything to say, say it definitely and stop.'"

Frances Perkins traced her ancestry to prerevolutionary Massachusetts, and from her birth, in 1882, was schooled in the genteel manner of the New England Brahmin, graduating from Mount Holyoke College in 1902. She then served as a social worker for the Episcopal Church, as a high school teacher and finally as a colleague of Jane Addams at Hull House in the slums of Chicago. In 1910, she became executive secretary of the Consumers League of New York, concentrating on the improvement of working conditions for women and children.

In 1911, she ran from a Greenwich Village tea party to witness the grisly Triangle Shirtwaist fire, which killed 146 working women. She redoubled her efforts for the league and successfully pushed factory reforms in New York state, pulling working hours for women down to a then unprecedented maximum of 54 hours a week. In 1919, Governor Al Smith appointed her to the state's Industrial Commission and warned Roosevelt in 1929, "You'd better not let her get away from you."

Part of the Fabric. In 1913, she married Paul Caldwell Wilson, who died in 1952, a financial statistician and adviser to the mayor of New York. She remained "Miss Perkins" in professional life.

Shortly after Roosevelt's death, Miss Perkins' resignation was accepted by President Truman, but she remained in Government for another seven years as a civil-service commissioner. The day Dwight Eisenhower was inaugurated she resigned for good, the "last leaf," she said cheerfully, on the New Deal tree. Last week, her accomplishments part of the fabric of American social reform, Frances Perkins died in Manhattan at 83, following a stroke.

THE FLOURISHING INTELLECTUALS

"If I had learned education," old Cornelius Vanderbilt once said, "I would not have had time to learn anything else." That was the voice of a past America, which admired the man of letters but adored the man of action. It was an America that believed in the self-taught pragmatist, the graduate of life, the tinkerer who achieved progress through hunch and persistence. The intellectual was, at worst, distrusted as arrogant and impractical; at best, he was respected as a cultural adornment and considered all right—in his place.

How long ago that seems. Today the intellectual's place is everywhere. He is far better off than ever before and far more widely respected. He burst out of the academy not only into government but into business and industry, and he moves back and forth between them with complete assurance. A few names tell the story. Presidential Adviser Walter Heller and Ambassador Kenneth Galbraith are now back at their academic posts (Minnesota and Harvard), widely sought after and well paid as consultants and lecturers. The University of Pittsburgh's Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield is also chairman of Smith-Corona and a director of Studebaker and Avco. M.I.T. Nutritionist Samuel A. Goldblith is also a vice president of United Fruit. Around Boston, particularly along famed Route 128, there are some 1,000 space and electronics firms in whose executive echelons businessmen and scientists are often indistinguishable. Professors do consulting work for research firms, often earning double or triple their academic salaries. Similar business colonies and "think factories" have sprung up everywhere: Arthur D. Little in Boston, The Rand Corp. in Santa Monica, Aerjet General in Sacramento.

The intellectuals' new affluence is not confined to the scientists and economists. Archaeologist Nelson Glueck was recently asked to join the board of a Cincinnati insurance company. Philosophers and novelists are not exactly swamped with management job offers, but their salaries are higher, their lecture fees munificent, and, what with paperbacks, they not only can get anything published, but published for gold. Then there are the foundations. If one can't get a Guggenheim, one can always get a Ford, and if not a Ford, a Rockefeller. At the last meeting of the Northwestern University Finnegan's Wake Society, a discussion group of professors and friends, eleven of the 14 members reported they were going to Europe for the summer—and not paying for their trips. For intellectuals, the greeting "Good Day," it has been suggested, should be replaced by "Fair Fulbright."

Anti-eggheadry is at a new low. What with the new concern about education, scholars and writers-in-residence are often community heroes; professors get the celebrity treatment on TV. The much-derided middlebrow culture in a sense serves the intellectual because its members look up to him. The ordinary man, suggests Critic Leslie Fiedler, "can now identify with the intellectual."

Who Qualifies?

Some observers feel that none of this is quite real; that pockets of anti-intellectualism remain, especially in the West and South, and that even when people respect the intellectual they do not necessarily accept his ideas. The fact is, however, that for some time now the U.S. has not been a place that intellectuals flee from, but a place they flee to. Britain's C. P. Snow has summed it up: "During the past 20 years, the U.S. has done something like 80% of the science and scholarship of the entire Western world." Chicago Economist George Stigler guesses that in the Athens of Pericles, full-time intellectuals numbered only about 200, or one for every 1,500 persons; he puts the number in the U.S. today at around a million, or about one for every 200 persons.

Such numbers once again raise the question of just who

and what is an intellectual. The qualifications for membership in the club are elusive, the admissions committee invisible and capricious. A college degree (even a Ph.D.) has long ago ceased being enough, and even college professors are by no means automatically intellectuals. Many of the touchstones, used not only by the public but often by intellectuals, are part of folklore, fashion, even caricature. Given the same amount of education, a Democrat is apt to be considered an intellectual, but not so a Republican. Some labor leaders used to be intellectuals ex officio, but not any more. Politicians, even with academic degrees, are almost automatically out, unless they write books and are markedly liberal.

Not watching television was once briefly considered a sign of intellectual status, but now this earns hardly any points. Intellectuals used to go to the theater rather than to the movies; now it is the other way round, except for off-Broadway or little-theater groups, which remain intellectually O.K. In the creative arts, the merely popular practitioners are excluded from intellectual status—but so are most of the really great talents. Marquand was no intellectual, but neither was Hemingway, Faulkner or Wolfe. The critic, on the other hand, is almost automatically an intellectual, at least in his own view.

Professional men have never really been considered intellectuals, but there are exceptions. Most doctors are out, but psychoanalysts have a chance—not if they write books about marriage adjustment, but if they discourse on things like the pathology of the cold war. Lawyers who engage in tax or divorce work are out, but if they treat of corporate or antitrust matters, they can be in; civil rights work is an automatic admission badge.

Scientists are, of course, accepted as intellectuals, but with qualifications. Liberal J. Robert Oppenheimer, for instance, is unquestionably accepted, but not necessarily conservative Edward Teller. Members of other disciplines concede intellectual status only to the most creative and original scientists, relegating the rest into a vast limbo of mere technicians and experts. George Babbitt's sneering at longhairs could not muster anywhere near the savagery of one intellectual's proclaiming that another isn't.

The Socratic Role

Whatever the touchstones, most of them are based on two underlying assumptions. One is that the intellectual is more than a learned man; that his mind must have independence and originality, and that he must pursue ideas for their own sake. In his brilliant book, *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, Columbia's Professor Richard Hofstadter defines the intellectual as a man who lives for ideas, while the professional man lives off ideas. In a new book, *The New Radicalism in America*, Iowa State Historian Christopher Lasch defines the intellectual as "a person for whom thinking fulfills at once the function of work and play."

The second assumption is that the intellectual must be a critic of his society, an opponent of established values, playing the part of a secular and reproachful cleric. This Socratic role has always been one essential function of the intellectual, but only in recent times has it come to be looked on as the only function; a great many intellectuals today demand their daily cup of instant hemlock.

Yet for centuries, intellectuals functioned usefully as part of establishments, and Coleridge visualized an intellectual caste, which he called clerisy, providing teachers and guides for the nation. Only in the last 100 years did intellectuals (the word became current during the Dreyfus affair in the 1890s) emerge as a separate class and organized opposition. This was made possible in part by the bourgeoisie; while the old aristocracy was insult-proof, the middle class positively begged to be told off. Yet the more the intellectuals

criticized their societies, the more they complained that their societies did not appreciate them.

The situation—which existed in the U.S. as well as Europe—was described in 1927 by a French intellectual named Julien Benda in a book titled *The Treason of the Intellectuals*. The "treason" did not consist of disloyalty to their nations, as Benda saw it, but in the fact that intellectuals had abandoned detachment for political passion, and stopped thinking independently. While many intellectuals saw themselves as lonely rebels, heresy became a group affair, and protest turned into a community sing. Alternately repelled and fascinated by violence, dreaming both of power and of justice, intellectuals overwhelmingly (if not unanimously) embraced Marxism as the hope of the future. They were reacting against the baffling evils of World War I and fascism; perhaps the modern intellectual's main difficulty is that he cannot really account for evil in human affairs.

From Exile to Glamour

In the U.S. the intellectual has probably never fared quite so badly as he sometimes thinks. From the Puritan Fathers through the flowering of New England, intellectuals of the "clergy" made great contributions and earned respect, including Franklin, Jefferson, William James. At times, the U.S. was governed by Presidents of intellectual stature, including Taft and Wilson. But there was also the old pragmatic suspicion of the intellectual. America's egalitarian faith that every man is as good as his neighbor, and no better, led to distrust of the intellectual who, by claiming special knowledge, also seemed to claim special distinction.

In the 1920s, the era of Babbitt and Harding, U.S. intellectuals felt themselves rejected and ridiculed by the business civilization. Instead of fighting to improve it, they chose exile in Europe, or that domestic exile which is known as "alienation." In the 1930s, after business had bungled the job of running the country, the intellectuals held a large share of power in the New Deal—and then it was the businessman's turn to feel rejected and ridiculed by "the professors in Washington." By 1953, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. announced that "anti-intellectualism has long been the anti-Semitism of the businessman. The intellectual is on the run in American society." In fact, the U.S. intellectual has never been persecuted in any real sense—not even during the chivving of the McCarthy era. Much of the primitive anti-egghead feeling was really based on envy (as one pro-McCarthy paper put it) of "certified gentlemen and scholars dripping with college degrees." The Russian launching of Sputnik made education and intellectualism newly desirable. The Kennedy Administration made it glamorous in a slightly Broadway-tinted way by creating a sort of Camelot for brains. If not quite in the same style, the most distinguished old grad of Texas' Southwest Teachers College continues to employ intellectuals to help run the U.S.

The Pangs of Success

The intellectuals' influence and affluence worry many of them deeply. They agonize that the alliance with power will corrupt them, and that, as they are recognized, accepted and used, they will cease being creative, critical and useful. In Hofstadter's words, when intellectuals are not afraid of being shut out, they are afraid of being sold out.

Says Yale's Philosophy Professor Paul Weiss: "They were never true eggheads, those tempted by cocktail parties and Government grants. The true intellectual does not even belong in his own group and never has many friends." Robert Hutchins agrees, distinguishing between operators and real intellectuals. "An intellectual is trying to find out what truth is," he says. "Operators are trying to get something done. Socrates wasn't trying to free slaves, help the poor, or even get federal aid to education. He tried to find out how people ought to live, how a good community is organized." The "operators" are active in universities too. Says Columbia's Jacques Barzun: "Professors keep giving advice all over the world, getting ideas on the run, dropping them here and there—they are nothing but airport thinkers. In a certain sense, our best politicians today are our best

intellectuals; they have not been unionized or homogenized."

A great many other intellectuals, particularly the younger ones, are far less worried about being corrupted by "the world." They may suspect intellectuals in authority, but they have little patience with what Brandeis Political Scientist John P. Roche calls "career alienationists." A retreat into academe does not guarantee intellectual purity. Universities are full of "pure" academics, uncorrupted by politics (except academic politics, of course), who are thinking in clichés. On the other hand, a great many intellectuals in government or business retain their ability to think for themselves. In the end, what counts is not having an independent position but being capable of independent thought.

Smaller Causes

The need for independent thought is greater than ever. With the decline of ideology, the large causes and massive generalizations of past decades have vanished. The Marxist Utopia broke down in shame and despair—but the relatively simple anti-Communism of the early cold war years is no longer tenable either. Nothing as large and easy as anti-Fascism or anti-McCarthyism is available to the intellectual today. The Government has so steadily adopted the radical programs of yesterday that some intellectuals are desperately trying to stay left of Washington and attempting, not very successfully, to create "a new radicalism." There are plenty of causes left in a far from perfect world, but they tend to be smaller and more specific. Many have turned from politics to preoccupation with "environment."

Intellectual life has become increasingly specialized; as Editor-Critic Irving Kristol remarks, it is no longer easy for the all-purpose sage to dash off a tract on economics or morals without highly specific knowledge. A case in point is Viet Nam. The current swirl of protest may be useful in encouraging the makers of U.S. policy to sharpen and define their views, but it is also heavily uninformed, riddled with emotional clichés and misunderstandings of both Asia and Communism—a throwback to the oversimplifications of the 1930s. Many intellectuals pounced on Viet Nam almost with relief, because it once again gave them an easy target and a chance to feel a little martyred.

Actually, a great deal of significant anti-intellectualism today comes not from outside but inside the intellectual community. New York University Sociologist Ernest van den Haag points out that much campus protest, though carried on in the name of academic freedom, is really mindlessly anti-intellectual in its indiscriminate call for "activism" and hell raising. Critic Renata Adler thinks that perhaps the strongest anti-intellectual forces at present are the "uneducated and unlearned nihilism" of pop art, which holds that the meaningless is entertaining, and the enthusiasm for "camp," which holds that the mediocre and the ugly are amusing. The attitude is typified by Pop Painter Andy Warhol, who, after seeing *Tiny Alice*, was heard to say: "It's boring, of course, but then I love to be bored."

The real intellectuals, without publicity and without worrying about who is "in" or "out," have made tremendous contributions to U.S. society. So tremendous, in fact, that any future hostility will probably arise not from the old feeling that intellectuals are not needed but that they are needed too much. Their expertise has been essential in creating the affluent society, and keeping it affluent. The U.S. depends on intellectuals for defense, education, health, city planning, space exploration, the care and feeding of the computer—for the shape, virtually, of its entire environment. The U.S., of course, also depends on them to serve the truth, in the old role of Socratic gadflies. In fact, there are so many different kinds of intellectuals today—the spread between the systems engineer and the literary critic, for example, is so wide—that the common label threatens to become meaningless. The word intellectual should probably be done away with.

But if it is still possible to speak of the American intellectual as a type, by no flight of the imagination can he be looked on as alienated from American life. He is too much a part of it, and when he quarrels with his society, he quarrels with himself.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Forecast: Showers & a Showdown

Like the distant thunder that precedes a monsoonal line squall, the rumble of Communist guns last week signaled an end to the long lull in Viet Nam's ground war. Moving out in strength from their jungle strongholds for the first time in nine weeks, the Viet Cong struck in half a dozen spots—and only the hard, hot application of U.S. air power saved Saigon's forces from severe defeat.

The first Red lightning bolt struck at



Songbe, a scruffy cluster of hamlets atop a bluff just 75 miles northeast of Saigon. As the capital of Phuoc Long province, Songbe (pop. 2,000) was a perfect target for the Communists, who would like to capture a governmental seat and proclaim their own "provisional government"—thus permitting Communist and nonaligned sympathizers to recognize their regime.

Tight Clutch. Songbe (literally "Little River") was defended by a force of 1,000 Vietnamese Rangers, militiamen and U.S. Special Force advisers. Two days before the assault, the Rangers captured a pair of deserters who reported that a strong Communist force numbering nearly 2,500 men had moved into the area and was preparing an attack. Though the Songbe garrison intensified its guard, it wasn't enough. In the dark beyond midnight, while the sky intermittently flared with lightning, the Reds attacked.

Mortar and howitzer shells crunched into military compounds, while Viet Cong riflemen, clad only in khaki shorts, swept into the heart of the village. Setting up machine guns and 57-mm, recoilless rifles on an open helicopter pad, they slashed at the barracks, mess halls and headquarters of the Songbe garrison. Said one American survivor: "It looked like the Fourth of July." Five Communists slipped through the perimeter beyond the U.S. compound, but four were gunned down. One managed to reach the mess hall and flip in a hand grenade. Special Forces Sergeant Horace Young, 34, who was already wounded in the leg, tried to bat the grenade away with his rifle butt. It exploded, tearing his arm to ribbons. Streaming blood, he staggered into the storeroom with the only weapon left to him: his Special Forces knife. There he found the Viet Cong grenadier, stabbed him and died. When Young's body was found hunched in the corner of the storeroom the following morning, the knife was clutched so tightly in his hand that it could not be removed.

Siesta's End. First light brought waves of U.S. B-57 Canberra jets and prop-driven Skyraiders, which swept in under 800-ft. cloud cover to napalm, rocket and strafe the Viet Cong out of town. Final toll: 161 government troops (including five U.S.), to 184 Viet Cong killed. In spite of its obvious propaganda value, the Communists had been unable to hold the provincial capital.

But if air power merely saved the day at Songbe, it turned the tide completely in the Mekong Delta province of Bac Lieu, 100 miles to the southwest. In a sharply executed "search-and-destroy" operation, U.S. and South Vietnamese planes spotted a concentration of some 600 Viet Cong in a dried-out paddyfield, then pinned them down while government troops were heli-lifted in. Surrounded on three sides, lashed by rockets and napalm, the Communists finally broke and ran. "It was like shooting fish in a barrel," said one U.S. adviser.

The Viet Cong left 176 dead and nine prisoners behind, along with 61 weapons. Government losses: 18 killed, 77 wounded (including four Americans).

Looming Deadline. With their new activity, the Communists had served warning of what is to come when the monsoon begins blowing full force in the next few weeks. With U.S. aircraft grounded by bad flying weather, the Viet Cong can strike in battalion or regimental strength almost at will, then fade back up into the hills in tried-and-true guerrilla fashion whenever the storm clouds clear.

Racing against that meteorological deadline, some 700 U.S. Navy Seabees, supported by 4,400 U.S. Marines, are

busily hacking out a new airbase-cum-seaport at Chu Lai, just 60 miles down the coast from Danang. It was hard enough to build a new airfield from scratch, harder still to keep it intact under the chaotic conditions of Viet Nam. At the big Bien Hoa airbase just 15 miles north of Saigon, explosions abruptly broke the Sabbath morning. "My God, it's raging!" an eyewitness cried. "Smoke must be rising hundreds of feet in the air." Newly arrived U.S. paratroopers rushed in to seal off the base and help with the firefighting. Some officers muttered suspiciously of Viet Cong sabotage, recalling the sneak Communist attack that knocked out 20 B-57s at Bien Hoa last November.

This time responsibility was less clear. Some thought a friendly Skyraider, warming up to take off, exploded, strewn flaming wreckage for hundreds of yards. Whatever the source, ten of the 18 B-57s at Bien Hoa were destroyed and dozens of dead and dying Americans were carried off in stretchers.

RED CHINA

Firecracker No. 2

A swarm of mosquitoes may create a noise like thunder.

—Old Chinese Saying

It had been predicted for nearly three months, and for the past two weeks U.S. seismologists had kept their ears to the ground in hopes of catching the faint tremor. High-flying U-2 reconnaissance jets, mounted with fallout-collecting air scoops, stood ready along the shores of Asia to fly at a moment's notice. Then, sure enough, another mushroom cloud rose slowly into the skies over Lop Nor in China's harsh Takla Makan Desert.

Hardly a Surprise. Peking's second nuclear explosion was a bit bigger than its first of seven months ago. It came on with at least 20 kilotons or, roughly, the same amount of destructive power carried by the Hiroshima bomb—but it would be days before an analysis of its slowly spreading fallout would tell if the Chinese had advanced the state of their nuclear art. In any event, the blast was hardly a surprise—or a new reason for fear. Said Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin: "I do not see a direct threat of nuclear war now." His guest in the Kremlin, India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, was cooler still. "We were expecting it even earlier," Shastri remarked.

Even before the explosion, Peking had continued its increasingly aggressive stance over the "imperialist threat" in

Box score for the five members of the Nuclear Club: U.S., 341 blasts; Soviet Union, 127; Britain, 24; France, 5; Red China, 2.



PEKINGESE DEMONSTRATING FOR NORTH VIET NAM
Those with glass toes should not drop rocks.

Viet Nam. In a *Red Flag* editorial that scored the U.S. and Russia with equal ferocity, Army Chief of Staff Lo Jui-ching described Lyndon Johnson as "more insidious and deadly than Hitler" and stomped with his other foot at the Soviets for their reluctance to engage in full involvement in Southeast Asia. "Whoever wants to satisfy his greed at the expense of others," wrote Lo, "is lifting a rock that will inevitably fall on his own toes."

"No Real Risks." To back up Lo's bluster, Red China passed the word that its 200 million-man (and woman) militia had gone into serious training. The mainland press reported shrilly that units on the Yunnan border were engaged in intensive bayonet and machine-gun drill; men and women in blue boiler suits marched briskly through Peking streets with rifles slung.

One Peking factory even altered its assembly line to produce Chinese lantern slides branding the U.S. as the "aggressor." And word filtered out that rail traffic between Peking, Shanghai and Canton had been disrupted—perhaps due to troop or supply movements to the Southeast Asian border.

Or perhaps due to Chinese design. As well as anyone in the West, Peking knows the value of psychological warfare. But the Chinese would be foolish to commit themselves to a major ground war against the U.S. at this time. Said one Asia expert: "The benefits to China would be nil; they are now getting all of the advantages [from Viet Nam] with no real risks." And, since it will be at least five years before even the primitive 20-kiloton package exploded at Lop Nor can be delivered onto global targets, it seemed likely that the current Chinese thunder is being generated by nothing more than a swarm of anxious mosquitoes.

SOUTH KOREA

The Striking Parallel

In terms of America's role in Asia, a series of striking parallels exist between South Viet Nam and South Korea. Both are segments of former colonies—one French, the other Japanese—divided arbitrarily north from south between Communist and free regimes. Both were invaded by their northern neighbors at the urging of Red China; both were—and still are—defended by the U.S. The Korean War ended with a negotiated truce that left 50,000 U.S. troops permanently on station in the south to prevent any subsequent Communist aggression. Those who think that the U.S. position in Viet Nam today is futile or "immoral" should take a look at South Korea.

This week as South Korea's President Chung Hee Park visits in Washington, his nation is moving toward economic takeoff, the scars of war are nearly healed, and a viable (if still somewhat fragile) democracy is emerging. New office buildings rise over the war-battered roofs of Seoul, and a new bridge spans the Han River—four times fought over in the course of the war. Shops that once carried only black-market goods from American PXs are stocked to bursting with local wares, ranging from handbags and Silla Dynasty howls to hand-woven Korean silk and brocades. In the southern port of Pusan, bonded processing factories turn out pants, sweaters, blouses and children's clothes for the U.S. market; other plants make electric fans, telephones and transistor radios for export to Southeast Asia and the West. At Ulsan, a \$20 million oil refinery—jointly built by the government and Gulf Oil—is producing 35,000 barrels a day while other private U.S. capital is invested in everything from

\$10 million fertilizer plants to a \$180,000 mink ranch near Pusan.

Old Dodge, New Tricks. Still, a typical city worker earns only \$24 a month, and although the runaway inflation of last year has been largely checked, it remains a persistent threat. Nearly a third of the 1965 budget will be supported by U.S. commodity imports, but U.S. aid—\$4.1 billion since 1945—is being reduced, and the shift is away from direct grants to long-term development loans. Self-sufficiency for South Korea is within reach, most American observers feel, but it hinges largely on continued political stability.

The man responsible for that is President Park, 48, the tough, taciturn little general who seized power in a military *coup d'état* four years ago. Since his emergence as an iron-jawed, hardhanded dictator, Park has won Asian respect by moving slowly but surely toward civilian rule. Though he was elected to the presidency by a mere 156,000 votes in 1963, Park's Democratic-Republican Party now controls 110 of the Assembly's 175 seats, keeps the opposition Popular Party (62 seats) well in hand. But the dangers common to Asian democracy remain endemic. Last week, before taking off to Washington, Park reasserted his hard hand by crushing an incipient coup that had been mounted by 20 disgruntled army officers.

Peeling the Onion. A man of severe personal austerity (he drives an aging Dodge, sleeps only five hours a night), Park has as his administration's motto, "Seeing is believing." To that end, he travels frequently through the countryside, sharing rice wine and *kimchi*—the garlic-laden pickled cabbage of Korea—with farmers who still live and labor much as they did centuries ago. No gladder, he adopts a professional role in explaining his aims to the people. The current goal: ratification of a Korean-Japanese treaty (TIME, April 2)



PRESIDENT PARK
Those who argue should look.



that would normalize relations between the two antagonistic neighbors for the first time in this century.

Deep undercurrents of animosity remain from Japan's 35-year colonial repression of Korea, and Opposition Leader Po Sun Yun is trying to capitalize on it by charging Park with "a sellout policy with too many concessions." Although the treaty does concede to Japan access to rich fishing waters inside the former limit set by Syngman Rhee, it also provides for Japanese payment of \$300 million in reparations, \$200 million in long-term, low-interest loans—and the promise of vast new markets that may do much to ease South Korea's 10% unemployment. Yet, to many Koreans who fear Japanese economic domination, the treaty sounds dangerous. "Negotiating with the Japanese is like peeling a green onion," said one Korean recently. "You never know what's there until it's all gone."

Park is counting heavily on the Washington visit, and the prestige it will generate, to help pass the treaty. And Lyndon Johnson seems willing to help: he sent Protocol Chief Lloyd Hand in a presidential jet to pick up Park in Seoul. More importantly for the U.S., Park arrives in Washington far from empty-handed. In return for continued U.S. aid and Washington's political support, he is prepared to offer up to 30,000 combat-ready Korean troops for service in South Viet Nam.

RUSSIA

The Inconvenient Citizens

When Nikita Khrushchev opened the gates of Stalin's concentration camps and set free hordes of political prisoners, he proudly boasted that "only lunatics" could object to life in Russia. So it seemed only logical for Nikita to deal with the intellectual critics of his own regime by locking them up not in harsh prisons—but in lunatic asylums. As men in white coats largely replaced the policemen, hundreds of writers, artists and

other outspoken objectors to Communism vanished from the Moscow scene, to reappear in psychiatric hospitals as "mental cases."

The first detailed account of this process is in *Ward 7*, a remarkable novel by Valeriy Tarsis, which was smuggled out of Russia last year and has now been published in London. It is at once a searing indictment of the Communist system and an eloquent witness to the fervor for freedom that nearly 50 years of Marxist indoctrination have not been able to extinguish.

One Patient, Tarsis' book is, in fact, more a documentary than a novel, for its hero, Valentine Almazov, and Author Tarsis are one and the same. Almazov, a writer, is being treated in Ward 7 of a large Moscow mental hospital for the anti-state offense of smuggling manuscripts to the West. Tarsis himself spent six months in Kashchenko psychiatric hospital in 1962 and 1963 for sending *The Bluebottle*, a novel portraying the plight of intellectuals in Khrushchev's Russia, to a British publisher via a tourist. When he was released, Tarsis, now 59, went right to work on the story of his remarkable experience. *Ward 7*, which Tarsis insisted on having published under his real name, is the result.

Ward 7's Almazov finds that among the 150 men in the ward, there is just one "genuine patient," the only one who is the "victim of anything except his lot as a Soviet citizen." The rest of the inmates fall into three categories: 1) "the failed suicides, classified as lunatics because it was assumed (by doctors and politicians, writers and ideologists) that anyone dissatisfied with the socialist paradise must be a lunatic"; 2) the "Americans"—Russians who had tried to get in touch with a foreign embassy or with tourists, usually to emigrate; and 3) "the less clearly defined category of young people who had failed to find their proper place in our society and who rejected all [Soviet] standards."

The Yardstick. Both the inmates and the hospital staff well knew "there were neither patients nor doctors but only jailers in charge of inconvenient citizens." As Almazov explains to a bewildered new arrival: "The reason you and I and all of us here are persecuted is that we don't conform, we haven't the mentality of serfs."

Unlike Chekhov's Ward 6 in the classic of that name, from which Tarsis drew his title and which was an attack on the abysmal physical conditions in Czarist asylums, Ward 7 seemed almost heaven to some of the inmates by comparison with the wretchedness of Russian life outside. "Personally I'm very happy," explained one of them to Almazov: "I'm fed, I'm clothed. Nobody preaches Communism at me. Do you realize? No propaganda, and you can say what you like! Where else can you do that?"

Almazov heaps contempt on such a "vegetable" response to imprisonment. Instead, "he—like all the more sensible



NOVELIST TARSIIS

Insanity in smuggling manuscripts.

of his compatriots—possessed an inexhaustible spring of life in himself: his imagination, which had sustained him throughout the darkest years of his country's captivity, kept before him, day and night, the vision of the full, untrammelled, seething life in the free world. For him as for his friends, the yardstick of beauty was freedom." Personal freedom, he says, "is the one unarguable good on earth. The Communists have put forward another: not man, but the collectivity, not the individual, but the herd. What the West and the whole free world are trying to prevent is man being turned back into a communized, anthropomorphic ape."

Not the Ape. Like his real-life counterpart, Almazov had once been a fervent party member, until he realized that "so far from being socialist, the system that had finally become established in Russia was a particularly vicious form of fascism." Through one of the youthful patients, Tarsis bitterly asks: "What is Communism?" His answer: "The apotheosis of drabness, the negation of personality, life on semolina gruel in a one-room flat with a bathroom-lavatory and a combination divan-bed-cupboard-desk-bookcase!"

For Almazov, however, the curse of Communism upon the land he loves bites much deeper. "There has never been anything like it in the world, and I want to forget it, force it never to have been, for fear of cursing my country, the mother who gave me birth on an autumn day in Kiev." But his hope is as large as his grief: "I firmly believe that man will triumph, and not the ape. I believe that Russia will enter the new century liberated and renewed in spirit, and that by then, Communism will only be a nursery bogey to frighten our grandchildren." As Tarsis proclaims through another character: "Haven't you noticed there are more and more of us? We are thousands today, we'll be millions tomorrow. We don't advertise our presence, but we are there. We'll get together and we'll light such a blaze

that no policeman on earth can put us out."

Nearly as remarkable as Tarsis' courage is the fact that the author apparently has gone unpunished for his latest literary sin; at last report, he was living with his wife and daughter in a Moscow flat—and continuing to write. A further sign of the post-Khrushchev leadership's gentler treatment of artists and writers was the scheduled departure for Italy last week of controversial Poet Evgeny Yevtushenko, who plans a month's poetry-reading tour. It was the first time he had been allowed outside the Soviet Union since 1963, when he roamed through France and West Germany, delighting Western literary circles with his outspoken views, or, as the Kremlin later put it, his "cheap sensationalism."

EUROPE

Smiling Again

For a tall man, France's Charles de Gaulle has mastered a difficult diplomatic trick: the art of stooping without actually bending an inch. He likes to employ it whenever his allies get particularly incensed at his prideful, nationalistic policies, since it invariably produces a smile of relief all around without changing anything. Last week, as the 15 ministers of the NATO Council assembled in London to a fanfare from six trumpeters of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, De Gaulle, though not present himself, was at his stooping best.

Knee Flexing. His timing was, of course, superb, since nearly everyone was mad at him. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson bluntly told the council that "no nation, however great, can think in terms of going it alone, without allies and without regard for world opinion." Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak was just as pointed, warning that "whatever makes nations retire within themselves, out of a somewhat old-fashioned pride, is out of date and will ultimately prove illusory." Even before the meeting opened, Ludwig Erhard in a speech relayed via Early Bird to the U.S. but

meant in part for the Elysée Palace, said: "We learned the bitter lesson that power politics guided by excessive nationalistic feelings is doomed to failure. Europe cannot be German, French or Russian."

So *le grand Charles* flexed his knees. Suddenly, France sweetly agreed to a draft statement on German reunification that emphasized U.S. concern in the matter. This was a sharp reversal from earlier French insistence that reunification was primarily a "European" concern. Shrugged De Gaulle's official spokesman: It was never his government's intention "to remove the U.S. from a solution of the German problem." What was more, the French gently paped over their differences with the U.S. on policy in Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic. Fortnight ago, Paris was hinting it intended to recognize the Dominican rebels; last week France announced without a trace of embarrassment that it never recognized "governments," only "states."

Longhanding. De Gaulle's unhappy ally was undoubtedly Erhard, who has been buffeted for weeks by a series of ill foreign winds. One from the Middle East finally blew itself out last week with the formalization of diplomatic relations between West Germany and Israel—a historic decision that surprisingly drew hardly a squeak from the Arabs. Another has been Erhard's deteriorating relations with Treaty Partner France. But from the Elysée Palace came another balm—a friendly long-hand letter from De Gaulle saying he would be glad to move up the date of his next meeting with Erhard. De Gaulle even implied he would be glad to talk about German reunification.

For his part, Erhard, though gratified, made it plain that the chat might not be as pleasant for the general as their last, where De Gaulle airily promised new impetus to European integration, on which he has since reneged. Erhard intends to talk tough—and pointedly disclosed at week's end that before he saw De Gaulle he was going to the U.S. for a chat with Lyndon Johnson.

GREAT BRITAIN

An Acre Forever American

Few Americans then living in Britain will forget how on Nov. 22, 1963, they were besieged with calls from English friends, anxious to console them for the loss of their President. Irish-descended John F. Kennedy seemed more like a scion of England to the English. It was because his father was ambassador there, his brother died defending the Channel, and his sister married an Englishman. It was partly because his wealth, aristocratic upbringing and Churchillian rhetoric seemed in the English political tradition. But mostly it was that as former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan said last week, "He seemed to embody the hopes of the New World that is struggling to emerge Phoenix-like from the ashes of the Old."

Macmillan was speaking to Jacqueline, Caroline, John Jr., Bobby and Teddy Kennedy who, with Britain's royal family, and Prime Minister Harold Wilson, were dedicating a memorial to the late President at Runnymede. "With all their hearts, my people shared his triumphs, grieved at his reverses and wept at his death," said Queen Elizabeth, as she gave to the U.S. an acre of British soil on which stood a simple, white stone monument, 10 ft. wide and 5 ft. high. Shaded by a hawthorne tree and overlooking the Thames, it bears a passage from Kennedy's inaugural address: "Let every nation know that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, or oppose any foe in order to assure the survival and success of liberty."

Britons were honoring Kennedy for more than mere kinship. Runnymede, the "birthplace of constitutional government," is where King John signed the Magna Carta in 1215. Harold Wilson eulogized Kennedy for his struggle on behalf of "human dignity and equality." Said Jackie, in a message of thanks: "My husband had the greatest affection for the British people and what you represent around the world. One day my children will realize what it means to have their father honored at Runnymede."

THE QUEEN, JACQUELINE KENNEDY & FRIENDS AT RUNNYMEDE



CENTRAL PRESS

Under the Table

To loyal readers of British spy fiction, it seems almost incredible that the cold-eyed watchdogs of counterintelligence in Whitehall could let H.M.G.'s closest secrets slip into the hands of the enemy. Yet Atom Scientist Klaus Fuchs got away with it, and so did Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess of the Foreign Office, not to mention the more recent indiscretions of Admiralty Clerk, William Vassall.

Each case has brought another examination of security procedures, and two trials last week at the Old Bailey were no exception. In one, Aviation Ministry Engineer Frank Bossard, 52, was sentenced to 21 years for photographing and selling, since 1961, heaps of missile data to the Soviets for \$14,000. In another case, a Defense Ministry clerk, Sergeant Percy Allen, 33, got ten years for peddling data on Israeli arms to Iraq and Egypt.

One difficulty had been an overzealous concern with spies' legal rights, which prevented government officials from investigating suspected leaks until the courts rendered a verdict. The government's fear was that an announcement of an investigation might bias prospective jurors or witnesses. Nonetheless, three hours after Bossard's conviction, Prime Minister Harold Wilson announced in Commons that in the future, government employees will be grilled as soon as a lapse is discovered, though results will be kept private until after the trial. "It is not enough, once the horse has bolted, to have a high-level inquiry six months afterwards to see what went wrong," said Wilson.

Naturally, something had to happen to show that the barn door is still not locked. The very next night, Housing Minister Richard Crossman, an acid critic of the Vassall affair, took some work with him to dinner at the West End's elegant Prunier's restaurant. After coffee, he absentmindedly left behind under the table 18 sheets stamped "Confidential." At a nearby table was a Conservative businessman, Geoffrey Blundell-Brown, who gleefully retrieved the papers, read them, then called the Daily Express to lambaste the lapse. With that, Blundell-Brown returned the documents. Crossman said he was "much obliged"; Harold Wilson doubtless was much embarrassed.

A Rout of Sorts

So slim is Prime Minister Harold Wilson's margin in the House of Commons that the slightest setback to his Labor Party's fortunes sends psephologists excitedly to their charts and Tory planners jubilantly to their megaphones. So it was when voters in hundreds of towns and cities went to the polls to choose new borough councilors. The results sent thrills up the spines of every Conservative, for Labor lost 419 seats, the Liberals were ousted from 213, while the Tories gained 562.

Labor leaders found solace in the fact that municipal elections do not always reflect national sentiment. Richard Crossman, Minister of Housing, noted that the government had had to do a great many "unpopular things in order to repair a long period of damage" under the Tories. Labor's austerity program had resulted in higher interest rates on loans for housing and cars, and a rise in local taxes. In view of last week's defeat, many thought that Wilson almost certainly would avoid the headlong rush into a general election that many of his supporters were proposing, instead would choose a more propitious occasion in the fall.

AUSTRIA

The Disneyland of Europe

Thousands of solemn Austrians lined the streets of Vienna to pay their last respects to former Chancellor and Foreign Minister Leopold Figl. It was partly because Austrians love nothing better than a *schöne Leich* (beautiful funeral), and this was the most elaborate since the Emperor Franz Josef's in 1916. But it was also because last week marked the tenth anniversary of the Austrian State Treaty, under which the Red Army left the country, and Figl was best remembered as the Foreign Minister who stood on the balcony of Belvedere Palace ten years ago, waving the morocco-bound treaty, and told his countrymen, "Austria is free."

Sprat & Schilling. For the Soviets, who insisted on Austria's military neutrality in the treaty, it was a gamble, or, as one observer put it, "the Danubian sprat to catch a fatter German mackerel." But Germany has not reunited on the Austrian model, and Austria has become a thriving monument to capitalism. More than 80% of its soaring foreign trade is with the West, and the schilling is one of the free world's soundest currencies, backed 125% by gold and foreign-exchange reserves.

Prosperity and its ties with the West have changed some of *Alt Wien's* customs. There are only half as many coffeehouses now (660) as there were in prewar Vienna. Many of the most famous along the Ringstrasse have been replaced by auto showrooms, from which a steady stream of new Volkswagens and Mercedes has helped boost passenger-car registrations 75% in the past five years. TV sets in use have tripled since 1960, and while bandy-legged Willy Elmayer, the 80-year-old ex-cavalry officer who runs Vienna's most famous dancing school, still teaches the Viennese waltz to 2,000 gawky,



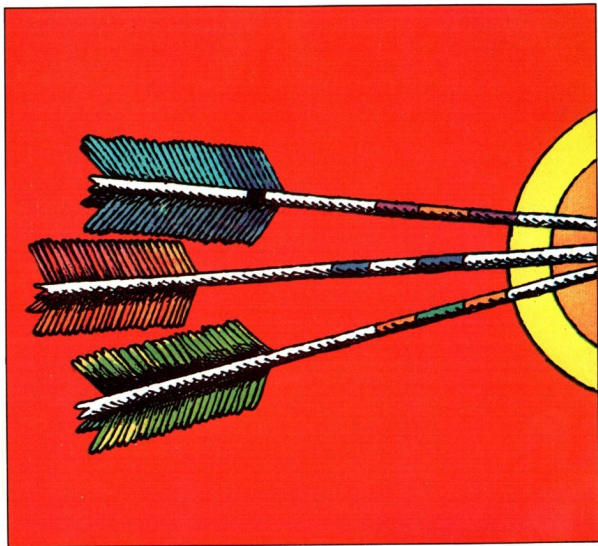
TRAFFIC JAM IN VIENNA



GEMÜTLICHKEIT IN A BRAUHAUS

Whatever became of Trotsky and Freud?

AIM



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white-gloved teen-agers a week ("the harmony of the waltz brings harmony into our lives"), his curriculum also includes the twist, slop, frug and Watusi.

Socialists & Schlag. Vienna's working classes used to be among the Continent's most militant (both Trotsky and Stalin studied there), but with full employment and extensive welfare benefits, Dr. Gunther Neuen, editor of Austria's intellectual weekly *Forum*, reports that today the proletariat "is taking on characteristics of the bourgeoisie." It is common to hear such refined expressions as "küss die Hand" (I kiss your hand), or "hab' die Ehre" (I have the honor) for salutations in butcher shops. The Communist vote has dropped to virtually nothing, while the Socialist Party, which claims 76 seats in the National Assembly, has helped govern the country for 20 years in a remarkably stable coalition with the 81-seat conservative People's Party.

Yet all is not just *Schlag* in Vienna. The coalition was more or less forced into being to provide an alternative to the Allied occupation, and both parties chafe at it. It survives thanks to an irksome but inevitable invention called *Proporz* (balance of powers), under which the People's Party gets the chancellorship, but the Socialists the presidency, and every "sensitive" ministry has not only a minister, but also a state secretary from the other party to keep an eye on him.

Moreover, since the state owns or controls all utilities, the two largest banks and two-thirds of all joint-stock companies, *Proporz* extends into corporate affairs and justifies featherbedding right on down to washroom attendants. A standard joke has it that "there are three people for every job in Austria, one conservative, one Socialist, and one to do the work."

Who Likes *Sachertorte*? Many Austrians are also all too bitterly aware of the decline in their country's grandeur. The only time that the coalition has been seriously divided was in a dispute over a memory: two years ago, the Socialists voted to keep Otto Habsburg, Franz Josef's heir, out of the country, though he has renounced his claim to the throne.

Vienna's population has slipped from 2,000,000 in 1910 to 1,600,000 today. Where once it was the center of a rich culture that produced, among dozens of other brilliant men, Dr. Sigmund Freud, Philosopher Martin Buber and Composer Arnold Schoenberg, today, mourns Werner Hoffman, director of Vienna's only gallery of modern art, "Austria simply is not avant-garde. People are brought up cherishing concepts of the 19th century, and the stimulating effect of the Jewish element is missing." Attracted by better pay and opportunity, thousands of young Austrian intellectuals have deserted the Danube for West Germany and Switzerland. Sniffs the brilliant young actor-satirist Helmut Qualtinger, who stayed behind: "Austria is the Disneyland of

Europe. Nothing but Lippizaners, Strauss, *Schlag*, schmalz and zithers. And who really likes *Sachertorte*?"

One answer is, of course, lots of tourists: Austria drew 6,000,000 last year, almost outnumbering the 7,000,000 inhabitants and bringing in \$523 million in foreign exchange. The visitors come for the Vienna Staatsoper and the Salzburg Festival, and to ski at resorts like Obergurgl, Kitzbuehel, and St. Anton, but above all for the easy informality of Austrian life and the mellow sentimentality of the neighborhood *Heurigen* (wine festivals). After all, says one Viennese student, "We like eating, drinking, dancing and loving. If that's not the good life, it'll do until something better comes along."

NORTH AFRICA

The Bridge over the River Kiss

For 90 minutes last week Morocco's King Hassan II and Algerian Premier Ahmed Ben Bella sat on the balcony of a sea-front villa and pretended they liked each other.

They don't. For nearly two years their troops have been skirmishing intermittently for a 500-mile strip of land which was once considered Moroccan, but was handed over to Algeria by the French when they controlled the area. In addition, militant Socialist Ben Bella regards Hassan as a feudal tyrant and has been training guerrillas and encouraging rebellion against him.

For the time being, however, the King and the Socialist need each other. To head off a threatened boycott of moderate leaders that could ruin next month's Afro-Asian Summit Conference in Algiers, Ben Bella badly needs to change his image as an agent of subversion and revolution. How better to do so than by appearing friendly to his good neighbor Hassan, who is influential among the moderates of both

Africa and the Arab world? The King, for his part, has become increasingly concerned over demonstrations and student riots at home. How better to win leftist hearts than by swearing eternal friendship to Ben Bella?

The meeting took place in the Moroccan resort town of Saidia, which lies just across the River Kiss from Algeria. Under such circumstances, it could hardly have failed. A mellow joint communiqué announced that the two old pals had discussed Algerian-Moroccan relations and had arrived at "identical views." To commemorate their new-found fraternity, in fact, they decided to build a bridge across the Kiss. Its name will be Encounter Bridge.

GHANA

Solidarity Forever?

"Stop distributing those papers!" roared Ghana's Information Minister Nathaniel Azarwe Welbeck, banging his gavel as if it were a shoe. Before him, in the auditorium of the Kwame Nkrumah Ideological Institute at Winneba, a fishing village west of Accra, the Fourth Afro-Asian Peoples Solidarity Conference sat assembled in sober splendor. But not in unity. Despite Nkrumah's keynote speech calling for brotherhood among all "anti-imperialist, anti-colonialist, anti-neocolonialist and anti-racialist" movements, Conference Chairman Welbeck admitted sadly: "Some of the delegates are quarreling among themselves."

Nor did they stop. Pakistan, backed by Red China, passed out leaflets accusing India of imperialist aggression in the Rann of Kutch. A flood of Indonesian papers described Malaysia as a stooge of British imperialism. One Angolan exile movement accused another Angolan exile movement of being "imperialist-supported." And, to top it all off, Chinese Communist Party Central Committee Member Liao Cheng-chih accused Russia of "collaborating with the United States to dominate the world." The fact that most of the 50 delegations present also managed to get in some licks against Washington did nothing at all for the cause of solidarity. "How boring they are with their constant repetition of U.S. imperialism," remarked one Russian observer.

For Nkrumah, who had hoped to use the conference to promote his own grandiose plans to entertain the chiefs of state of all African nations at the Organization of African Unity meeting in September, the whole affair approached disaster. Although such notable Afro-Asian lands as Cuba and Cyprus sent representatives to Winneba, the conference was pointedly ignored by all of Nkrumah's neighbors, and most of Africa's moderate states distrust him. There was, in fact, only one redeeming event: to mark the conference opening Nkrumah unveiled a 75-ft. monument of himself. The work of a Polish sculptress, it is the biggest, solidest Nkrumah in the world.



BEN BELLA & HASSAN AT SAÏDIA
Just two old pals—for 90 minutes.



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THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC The Cease-Fire That Never Was

To visitors at the White House last week, President Johnson quoted a new version of a Latin American slogan: "Constitutionalism, si! Communism, no!" It was a slogan that exactly described the U.S. position in the Dominican Republic's civil war. Yet in a week of deepening frustration, every U.S. and OAS effort to bring the rival factions peacefully together in some sort of non-Communist coalition, constitutional government was destined to fail. Despite an official cease-fire, the war went on, with mounting casualties on all sides.

As his special envoy, President Johnson sent John Bartlow Martin, 49, to plead for "broad-based" government between the rebels, led by Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó, and the five-man loyalist junta headed by Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras. Martin was U.S. ambassador in Santo Domingo in 1963 during the administration of exiled President Juan Bosch, in whose name the original revolt was launched. He was a friend of Bosch, knew both Caamaño and Imbert. He carried only one condition from Johnson: that Communists among the rebels must be excluded from any new government. Martin shuttled repeatedly between the two camps without making any progress. "When the killing started," he said, "ideas disappeared."

"We Must Work." The problem was not so much Imbert, who was struggling to return some sort of order to the 90% of Santo Domingo he said he controlled. With U.S. permission, Imbert dipped into *Alianza* funds for \$700,000 to pay government employees and get them back to work, called the



PRESIDENTIAL ENVOY MARTIN
If the rebels wanted peace . . .

city's top businessmen to the Congressional Palace and urged them to start up their factories. "We must create a national movement and work for our country," he said. "The Communists work night and day, but we don't."

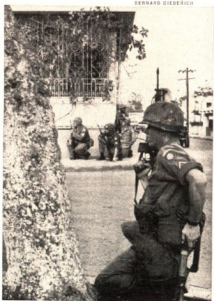
Imbert declared himself ready to talk to Caamaño "any time, any place." He quickly cleared the decks of six high-ranking military men unacceptable to the rebels, unceremoniously giving them each \$1,000 pocket money, permitting one phone call to their families, then shipping them off to Puerto Rico aboard a Dominican gunboat. The one man he did not exile was Brigadier General Elias Wessin y Wessin, leader of the loyalists in the early stages of the revolt. At one point, Wessin y Wessin seemed on the verge of resigning, then changed his mind. Imbert refused to force his hand. "The government has not asked for his resignation," said Imbert. "He should know what to do." For his part, Wessin said: "I will not resign as long as one Communist remains in the country."

"We Are Stronger." In his downtown headquarters, Rebel Leader Caamaño reacted to all this with hoots of derision. With his chief lieutenant, Héctor Aristy, he spent the week posturing before newsmen, claiming 47,000 men under arms in the rebel zone (the figure is closer to 12,000) and proclaiming, "We are growing stronger every day." While the rebels denied that Communists were among their leaders, they were calling loyalists *gusanos*, meaning worms, a favorite Castroite term. And if they were genuinely interested in peace, they showed little sign of it.

Unceasingly, the rebel radio dinned against the "Yanqui invaders." Businessmen were warned not to open shop: "Each bullet in a rebel gun has the name of a gringo on it, and if not a gringo then an industrialist." At each



turn of the negotiations with Special Envoy Martin, Caamaño had new complaints, new demands, new reasons for not negotiating with Imbert's junta. He imperiously demanded his own "corridor" slicing across the U.S. cordon along Avenida San Juan Bosco—to maintain communication with "our forces in the north." Such a passage would nullify the entire U.S. effort to isolate the fighting; the demand was swiftly rejected. Caamaño excused himself so often to huddle secretly with his "advisers" that there was increasing doubt about who actually was the rebel leader. Finally, he was asked who his advisers were, and he gave some meaningless names. "I know these people,"



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said one witness, "and I know he wouldn't even ask them what time it is."

In the end, the rebels refused point-blank to join Imbert. "We want a constitutional government," declared a rebel spokesman. "We flatly reject any coalitions." Caamaño repudiated the cease-fire agreement, denounced the OAS, and declared that he would now place his case before the U.N. As for the U.S., the rebels railed against the troops hemming them in, ticked off lists of "atrocities," threatened an all-out attack. Said Caamaño's armed-forces minister: "It doesn't matter that we'll all be massacred. Unless the Americans clear out, we're going to attack."

Snipers All Around. Caamaño and his rebels might be bluffing. But the sniping continued unabated, raising U.S. casualties to 18 dead, 86 wounded. The U.S. reported 137 cease-fire violations to the OAS in nine days, 36 of them in a single night. Despite the lasso around the rebel sector, snipers were popping up all over Santo Domingo. "This is what we feared most," said one U.S. official, "that the hard-core people would somehow get out of the city." One afternoon, a band of rebels fought a four-hour battle with loyalist troops at the national cemetery. Snipers killed a marine near the Hotel Embajador, on the border of the supposedly safe International Zone; a paratroop lieutenant was killed and seven men were wounded in a vicious north-south crossfire near the supply corridor. The rebels even managed to whomp two mortar rounds smack into the front yard of Marine headquarters.

The U.S. troops were under strict orders not to fire unless fired upon. For several hours, paratroopers, forbidden to interfere, watched rebels assemble a .50-cal. machine gun atop a building. When the machine gun cut loose, the troops disassembled it with one shot from a 106-mm. recoilless rifle. But that was unusual. A sniper pinned a paratrooper in a doorway one night, and before corps headquarters finally granted permission for covering fire, the G.I. counted 183 shots zinging off the walls around him. "We're fighting politics, and maybe that's O.K.," said the sergeant. "But, man, they're shooting at the poor s.o.b. out there."

There were times when it was hard to tell who was shooting at whom or who held what ground. At the corner of Avenida Francia and Calle Rosa Duarte, an Airborne colonel asked a Marine lieutenant his line of fire. "Before us, sir, and down the street," "Damn it," roared the colonel, "that's the 82nd Airborne before you!" In a strafing attack on the city's rebel-held radio station, a pair of General Imbert's loyalist F-51 fighters from San Isidro airbase accidentally machine-gunned a nearby Marine position. U.S. troops promptly shot down one of the F-51s. Next day, as loyalist F-51s prepared for another strike, a column of U.S. paratroopers arrived with orders to destroy

the planes if their pilots so much as punched a starter button.

Harder & Bloodier. In Manhattan, the United Nations voiced its alarm at the rapidly disintegrating situation by unanimously voting to send a team of "observers" to the Dominican Republic. The U.S. agreed that it might be helpful but insisted that the problem was one for the OAS. At OAS headquarters in Washington, U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker urgently advised Latin Americans to honor their pledge for a multinational military force to help the U.S. keep order. And indeed, the first Latin Americans started arriving: 250 Honduran infantrymen, 20 Costa Rican policemen. Others were on their way from Nicaragua, probably from Brazil.

The U.S. hoped that their mere presence would have a calming effect on the Dominicans. But at week's end loyalist and rebel attitudes had hardened to the point where that seemed forlorn. Once more President Johnson appealed for peace and promised that the U.S. "will render all available assistance toward rapid economic development." As he spoke, 1,500 of Imbert's loyalist troops opened a major attack with tanks and heavy artillery aimed at wiping out about 300 rebels in the northern part of the city. The danger now was of another full-scale bloodbath—no matter how many U.S. and Latin American troops occupied the shell-shocked city of Santo Domingo.

BOLIVIA

In Until When

By supreme decree, Bolivia's seven-month-old military junta last week took the first step to install itself in power indefinitely. "In view of the chaotic political conditions and the inability of political parties to organize themselves for a democratic electoral process," said the decree, the presidential elections scheduled for Oct. 31 were being postponed. No date was set for new elections. Thus, for the moment at least, Air Force General René Barrientos, 45, will continue to rule the troubled Andean nation.

As Barrientos analyzed it, the decision was forced on him by popular will. For months the dashing flyer has wavered back and forth, first, on whether he would be a candidate in the elections, and then, whether he should resign from the junta to run, as the constitution requires. Three weeks ago, in the face of mounting pressure on all sides, Barrientos suddenly announced that he was withdrawing from the elections in the interests of "national harmony and unity." Almost on cue, a series of noisy protest demonstrations erupted among pro-Barrientos peasants in Cochabamba and Sucre, south of La Paz. The peasants set up roadblocks along the highways, invaded and occupied Cochabamba Airport, the air communications hub of Bolivia. At that,



HONDURAN TROOPS ARRIVING
Latin support for the U.S. stand.

Barrientos himself flew down to Cochabamba, and announced that he was putting off the elections.

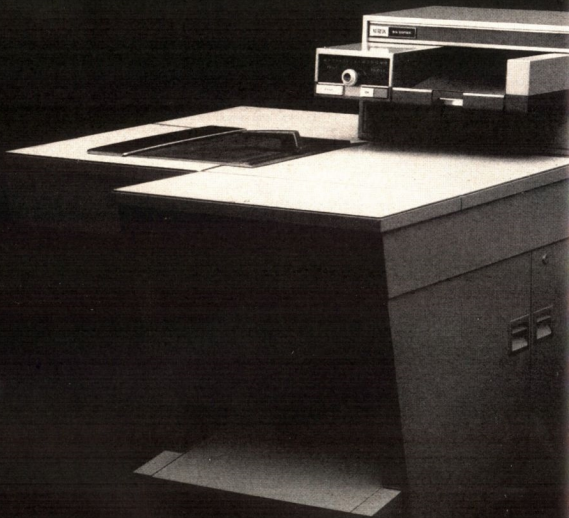
Diplomats in La Paz tended to believe that the demonstrations were largely directed and engineered by Barrientos. Nevertheless, he does have wide popular appeal among the peasants, who see him as a young and vigorous reformer. He campaigns tirelessly, promises land, food, health and education to all within earshot. How much support he has in the La Paz capital is questionable. His incessant speechifying raises the hackles of some of his fellow generals who fear that he has ambitions to become a Bolivian dictator. Last week army brass were privately demanding that Barrientos share the junta leadership with General Alfredo Ovando Candia, his second-in-command.



BARRIENTOS IN INDIAN GARB
Peasant support for the dashing flyer.

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XEROX

PEOPLE

In the face of heavy ground fire, Lieut. Colonel **James Robinson Risner**, 40 (TIME cover, April 23), led his Fighting Cock squadron and 90 other jets into North Viet Nam early last month, and hammered at the critical rail and highway bridge near Thanhhoa until finally it was destroyed. His F-105 was heavily damaged by antiaircraft fire, but he refused to be diverted from his mission. For such "extraordinary

dier's worry list lengthened unexpectedly. While he was in Washington for a physical checkup, thieves broke into his parked Lincoln Continental and found the secret button inside the glove compartment that unlocked the trunk. Though they left several suitcases of clothes, they heisted the car's spare tire, a \$170 portable radio, a \$10 box of candy, and the oxygen kit Ike uses when he gets short of breath.

An alert airlines agent tipped off reporters that the **Isabel Martínez de Perón**, 32, on the manifest was exiled Argentine Dictator Juan Perón's comely blonde wife, and when she landed from Spain at New York's Kennedy airport, the newshounds had her surrounded. She was just changing planes, she cooed, and was on her way for a three-week "vacation" in Asunción, Paraguay. Since sun-scorched little Paraguay is hardly a jet-set spa, rumors buzzed that she was preparing yet another Perón attempt at *El Retorno*. Peronistas in the group, chastened by December's fiasco, when Perón was air expressed back to Spain, claimed to know better. According to their gossip, Juan, 69, simply wanted a separate table for a while.

Some folks say his worst accident was in 1943 when a taxi knocked him down and broke his leg. Others insist that it was the day in 1962 when he was made manager of the New York Mets. Now, baseball's noblest showman **Casey Stengel**, 74, has a fractured right wrist. It cracked when he fell on a concrete ramp just before his Mets played an exhibition game against the cadets at West Point. While the Mets were winning, 8-0, surgeons cased Case in plaster and a green sling. Then he returned home, waved his still-solid southpaw, and showed off the durable presence that makes him the most valuable ex-

hibit of all. "If they had a red carpet up there for me like I thought," he winked, "the accident wouldn't have happened."

"I'm flat broke," she told a Los Angeles court. It was a little hard to believe coming from the woman who dined ecstatically off solid-gold plates during her heyday. Just the same, **Hedwig Eva Maria Kiesler Mandl Markey Loder Stauffer Lee Boies**, better known as Hedy Lamarr, 50, insists that it is true. And so she is asking \$3,510 temporary monthly alimony in a divorce suit she has filed against her sixth husband, Los Angeles Attorney Lewis W. Boies Jr., 44. Her daughter, Denise Hedy Lee, 20, hopes for a different kind of life. A sophomore at the University of California, Denise announced plans for a July marriage to College Mate Lawrence Colton, 23, a 1964 graduate now pitching for the Philadelphia Phillies' farm team in Eugene, Ore. She plans to travel with him during the season. She does not want to be an actress.

For over 30 years he was constantly on stage, playing Liszt, Rachmaninoff and Chopin so often that he could no longer hear the notes, even while his fingers gave virtuosic performances. He grew ever more fearful of the audiences that forever insisted he encore with his tour-de-force arrangement of *Stars and Stripes Forever*. Pianist **Vladimir Horowitz** began to feel like a stunt man, and even worse, to doubt his own artistic integrity. In 1953, aged 48, he stopped performing. Last week, after twelve years of deeply melancholic self-exile, Horowitz returned to Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. A supremely simple Chopin *Ballade* and *Etude*, a crystal fairy palace of Schumann's C-Major *Fantasy*, a mystical Dostoevskian Scriabin *Sonata* and *Poem*—all rolled from his fingers with the orchestral technique of old, now tempered with a new inner repose. Obviously, he enjoyed himself. His courage clearly was restored.



RISNER & MCCONNELL
Heroism extraordinary.

heroism." Air Force Chief of Staff General J. P. McConnell last week brought Robbie Risner back from Viet Nam, awarded him the Air Force Cross, second in rank only to the nation's highest decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The son of Dr. Peter Marshall, U.S. Senate chaplain who became famous in his wife's biography (*A Man Called Peter*) and the film made from it, was only nine when his father died of a heart attack. Later, as a Yale undergraduate, the boy had "no real commitment to Christ," majored in political science. Then a post-graduation summer spent with a clergyman and his family in California showed him that "a minister lives a life of service," prompted him to enroll in Princeton Theological Seminary. Now the man called **John Peter Marshall**, 25, has been ordained into the Presbyterian ministry and appointed assistant pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in West Hartford, Conn. Mindful that his father's divine call came on a misty Scottish moor, young Marshall is humble about his own future. "In the ministry you go where God leads you," he says. "It's a real adventure."

"Don't ever become a general," the gentleman advised the young Army Reserve lieutenant standing guard at the World's Fair. "If you become a general you just plain have too much to worry about." Coming from **Dwight D. Eisenhower**, 74, that was certainly something to think about. Next day the old sol-



HOROWITZ & WIFE AFTER CONCERT
Courage recovered.



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Support from Most

"Since Barry Goldwater was visiting France recently on a gastronomic tour," began an acid article in Paris' *Le Figaro Littéraire* last week, "it is difficult to believe that he occupies the White House under the pseudonym of L. B. Johnson." But Barry might just as well be there, the weekly magazine complained: L.B.J. is the faithful executor of Goldwater's plans. The Times of London chimed in: "The U.S. is doing its best to appear as if it has reverted to the American colonialism of the 19th century."

Touring Europe last week, Columnist Joe Alsop complained that U.S. newspapers were giving aid and comfort to this kind of anti-Americanism abroad at a time when the "motives and aims of the Government's action must be given the benefit of the doubt." Said Alsop: "The Times of London appears to have gone through the U.S. press with a fine-toothed comb, with special emphasis on its great opposite number in New York, to find means of presenting the American action in Santo Domingo in the worst possible light."

Inner Resolve. In spite of Alsop's complaint, the press abroad quoted only sparingly from U.S. newspapers. While the French were scathingly critical of the Dominican intervention, the British, in general, were low-keyed in their response and often downright sympathetic. After its first harsh comment, the Times of London added: "If President Johnson has taken the deliberate risk of touching Latin American feelings on their most sensitive spot by recalling the days when Theodore Roosevelt policed the Caribbean with marines, it is presumably because American feelings too have been touched on their most sensitive spot—the prospect of another Castro-like regime being established in another Caribbean island."

Nor was the U.S. press, with a few important exceptions, overly critical of Johnson. The *New Republic* announced in a front-cover editorial that L.B.J. "just misses flunking" his foreign-policy tests, and the *New York Times* ran one editorial after another faulting Johnson—for thinking the U.S. omnipotent, heating up the Cold War, hamstringing Congress. Yet even the Times had its disagreements. The same day that an editorial lambasted the "Johnson Doctrine" (a term coined largely by the Times itself, with some help from other papers) for putting the U.S. in the "unenviable, self-righteous and self-defeating position of world policeman," Times Washington Bureau Chief Tom Wicker denied that there was any such thing as a Johnson Doctrine.

In fact, the vast majority of the nation's press supported Johnson's intervention. Said the Chattanooga Times:

"President Johnson took a bold step, one fraught with difficulties and even dangers, but he had the same solid reason of which Mr. Kennedy spoke—the security of our nation." Agreed the Chicago Daily News: "The Dominican rebellion forced President Johnson to decide whether the Western Hemisphere was threatened by another Cuba. He decided it was. Let those who did not have his information or responsibility decide that he was wrong; that is the luxury of the spectator."

Sphere of Influence. President Johnson himself feels he has converted some of his critics. Columnist Walter Lippmann, for example, after many pieces advising a hasty disengagement from South Viet Nam, last week acknowl-



"DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE ACTING HASTILY?"

edged that a U.S. military buildup in the area of Danang would help the U.S. in any future negotiations with North Viet Nam—which puts him close to Johnson's position. And L.B.J. could not have asked for warmer support on the Dominican Republic. While Lippmann has always been wary of far-flung commitments overseas, he considers it perfectly proper for the U.S. to maintain order in its own backyard. "The Dominican Republic lies squarely within the sphere of influence of the U.S., and it is normal for a great power to insist that within its sphere of influence no other great power shall exercise hostile military and political force."

Stubbornness in Baltimore

Since April 20, when the Newspaper Guild struck the Baltimore Sun and other unions refused to cross the picket line, Baltimore has had no newspaper worthy of the name. The city's only other daily, Hearst's *News-American*, shut down in support of its competitor, and by last week a disheartened NLRB examiner saw no sign of an end to the strike. Management and

the Guild, said he, "are at a total stalemate. If it isn't settled soon, I think it'll go on for a long time. At the bargaining sessions, they don't really discuss much. They just run messages back and forth with a lot of recrimination. The Sun's proprietors are aristocratic, stubborn, very respected and very strong."

After 16 years, the Baltimore Guild has grown stubborn itself. It is putting up a stiff fight against management and it feels it is on firm ground. The wealthy Sun papers—the Sun, Evening Sun, and Sunday Sun—carry almost as much advertising lineage as the New York Times. By spending lavishly on news coverage, they make just about everybody's list of top papers in the U.S. But they spend precious little on their own employees. They pay a top minimum of \$150 a week for experienced reporters; 61 U.S. papers pay higher salaries, including the Kenosha News, the Napa Register, the Pontiac Press, the Gary Post-Tribune. The Sun life-insurance policy pays only \$500 per employee—not enough to cover burial expenses. The papers' nine-year-old pension plan works out to less than \$25 a month, and there is no company medical plan. Nor is there a dues checkoff or any form of union security.

Help from Washington. The present fracas dates back to last February when the Baltimore Guild merged with the far more militant Washington Guild, which had already won a \$200-a-week minimum for Washington Post reporters. During acrimonious contract negotiations, handled by a veteran Washington negotiator, the Guild asked for a \$172-a-week minimum and a union shop. But the best offer from management was a \$10-a-week raise and no union security. Negotiations heated up and stalled. "The Sun people," said an observer, "are not used to people talking to them like that."

When Hearst's *News-American* shut down, nine unions filed a complaint of an illegal lockout, and an NLRB examiner backed them up. The *News-American* plans to take the case to court, but meanwhile the bill for back pay owed to employees is piling up at the rate of over \$125,000 a week. If the courts rule against the *News-American*, the paper will have to pay it all.

Advertising Boycott. Meanwhile, there have been feeble attempts to supply Baltimore with an interim newspaper. The Guild puts out a small daily tabloid, the *Baltimore Banner*, for which Sun staffers scrape up news from radio and television. But local merchants—friendly to the Sun, provide little advertising and the *Banner* is losing more than \$4,000 a week. A second daily, the *New Baltimore Morning Herald*, published by Johns Hopkins students with coed assistance on weekends, has also been hard put to find advertising in a town where the Sun has long been king. But the city is not starved; New York papers crowd the newsstands.

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Lyndon Johnson's School Days

The torrent of action on education and the reminiscence about it that pour from the White House is forceful evidence that its occupant recalls his own school days with singular relish and vividness. Before he turned to politics in 1932 at the age of 24, Lyndon Johnson was a not-to-be-ignored student in half a dozen schools and a teacher at three levels: grammar school, high school and college.

Johnson's boyhood interest in schooling came by family tradition: his father had taught in two one-room country schools in Texas, and his mother, who was the granddaughter of a Baylor University president, had taught classes in "expression" in Fredericksburg, Texas, and later in her home. In 1912, when Lyndon was four, she taught him to read simple primers ("I see the cow") in their Texas hill-country home. Then she sent him trudging a mile down a ranch road, lunch pail in hand, to Kate Deadrich's one-room tin-covered Junction school, where rules were waived to let him enter first grade short of his fifth birthday. Mrs. Johnson's aim was not wholly pedagogical: with the lively Lyndon confined to school from 9 to 4, he was less likely to fall into the Pedernales River.

Lyndon's "Miss Kate," now Mrs. Chester C. Loney, 72, who lives in the Sierra Nevada foothills near Rough and Ready, Calif., was 19 then, remembers Lyndon well. "He was an adorable boy," she recalls. "He always sat on my lap when he recited his lessons. He would put a little finger under each word. You could see he was real pleased as he slowly made out the words, a letter at a time. He was bright and very affectionate." Yet for all her softness toward her youngest pupil, Kate Deadrich, at 5 ft. 10 in. and 165 lbs., was an imposing disciplinarian.

Tears over a Donkey. Next year, Lyndon shifted to another country school in nearby Albert, riding the four miles to and from school on a donkey. Johnson recalls that other kids poked so much fun at this that he often dismounted in tears. Then his mother told him about Jesus riding into Jerusalem on an ass. "I never cried again after that," says Johnson. "I felt like that little donkey was a white charger."

When his family moved into Johnson City (pop. then 350), Lyndon attended the two-story pink limestone school—biggest building in town. Five teachers taught grades one through eleven, carrying two or three grades each. Lyndon helped sweep the floor and stoke the potbelled wood stove. His favorite subjects, largely because of the able teacher, Superintendent Scott Klett, were civics and history. "I didn't like math or science much," says Johnson.

Lyndon was no angelic student. He

was once thrashed for stamping on a board to splash muddy water on girls at the outdoor fountain. He got into a fistfight when a boy broke up his marble game, found solace in his teacher's judgment that he had a right to get mad.

He'd Rather Reason. Lyndon's saving grace was what a fellow student, Dr. Emmette S. Redford, now on the University of Texas faculty, calls his "inquisitive mind and intense interest in everything related to politics." That interest was encouraged by his father, a state legislator, and spurred Lyndon's lifelong interest in public speaking. As



AFTER HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION
A right to get mad.

a high school debater, Lyndon with another student won a countywide debate competition. In most of his dealings, recalls Redford, Lyndon "tried to win his points with words—he'd reason and argue instead of fighting—and in those days kids had plenty of fights."

A bean-pole six-footer at 15, Lyndon played forward on the basketball team, pitched and played first base for the town baseball team, took studies casually. "I wouldn't say I overapplied myself at all," says Johnson. "I liked to play and enjoy myself." No bookworm, he shunned fiction—and still does. Whenever his mother gave him something to read, he would ask: "But Ma, is it real?"

Completing eleventh grade at 15 with just five 1924 classmates—every one of whom, surprisingly, went on to college—Lyndon disappointed his parents by not turning immediately to college. Instead, as he told a recent graduating class at Johnson City High, he "headed West to seek the fame and fortune that

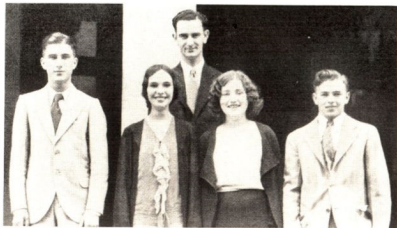
I knew America offered." Less grandly, that meant that he and a few buddies piled into a rattletrap car early one morning and stole away to California. Twenty months later, totally broke, he hitchhiked home, worked on a road gang under a searing sun for a dollar a day. His mother kept drumming college into his head, and Lyndon finally conceded that "I'd rather use my head than my back to earn a living." He chose Southwest Texas State Teachers College in San Marcos because "it was nearest my home, I could get in, and it was most economical."

Southwest Texas, then a collection of six drab stone buildings set amid giant live oaks and honeysuckle atop steep Chataqua Hill, was, and still is, on no one's list of top colleges. Yet it gave the free-swinging youth plenty of elbow room. Since Johnson City school was unaccredited and had only eleven grades, Lyndon first had to take a sub-college cram course at San Marcos to qualify, was found fit in just three months, entered in March 1927.

His father had gone broke trading cotton, so Lyndon arrived on campus with just \$75 borrowed from a Blanco bank and began earning \$15 a month as a janitor. Yet board and room cost \$30 a month. The school's kindly president, Dr. C. E. Evans, let Lyndon put a cot in a small room above Evans' garage. In return, Lyndon became Evans' long-striding legman, running errands all over campus. By eating just two meals a day, Lyndon cut his food expenses to \$15 a month; his laundry cost 50¢ a week. When Lyndon ran short, Evans found odd jobs for him to earn cash, such as painting the garage. "They say the president's garage had more coats of paint on it than any house in San Marcos," says retired Government Professor Howard Mell Greene, the teacher Lyndon once introduced to President Kennedy as "the man that started the fires under me." Lyndon also peddled Real Silk socks and, recalls fellow student Bill Deason, "Dr. Evans wound up with more socks than any man in the U.S."

"I Had a Man." "The first time he opened his mouth, I knew I had a man," says Greene, 78, who now lives in the Ozarks near Braxley, Mo. "He was the most anxious to get information of any student I ever saw, especially on political subjects. I think you could trace Lyndon's philosophy back to that time, those classes. That poor boy had to root. It was back there when they had smoked that poor fellow Wilson out. Stupidity was rampant in Washington. We had to have some young blood. Call Lyndon's philosophy what you want, but I call it rational progressivism—adapting our institutions to changing conditions to attain the ideals of our democracy."

While Lyndon scored A's in Greene's political-science classes, other grades were less impressive. "He never ranked in the upper tenth of his class because



AS COACH OF SAM HOUSTON DEBATE TEAM
An interest in everything political.

he had too many irons in the fire," recalls his college dean, Dr. Alfred H. Nolle, who pegs Lyndon's overall average at a B. He once got an F—in a physical-education course. He became known as "Bull" Johnson, recalls classmate Gladys Snively Bowman, because "he was always promoting something and had such drive."

Bull Johnson was the only freshman on the college debate team—and he was so good at debating that he teamed up with Senior Elmer Graham, now a retired Baptist minister, to win the state championship by whipping Sam Houston State Teachers, which had won 68 out of its past 75 debates. Greene, who coached the team, recalls: "We arranged so that Lyndon would have the final word. Well, when he got through they didn't have a cockeyed point standing, he just drew that string around their necks so slick." One of the big debate topics that year (27-28), was: "Should the U.S. use marines in Nicaragua?" Lyndon, recalls teammate Graham, delighted in arguing the affirmative.

As a sophomore, Lyndon won the coveted elective job of editor in chief of the campus newspaper, The College Star, and took his role seriously. In his editorial columns, he lectured the students on such topics as the meaning of personality: "A combination of altruistic feelings, novel purposes, talents and individuality. Let your brow touch the sky. Force others to look up." The aims of education: "Developing the highest and best in one. It puts zest and life into existence. It gives purpose and ambition." The evils of cynicism: "Which will you be—a builder or a destroyer? A constructor or a smasher of ideas? A blessing to the world or a curse upon it? It all rests with you."

How Are You? Tired of the financial squeeze after his sophomore year, Lyndon brashly applied for a teaching job in the obscure town of Cotulla, between San Antonio and Laredo. He was named principal of a new red brick Mexican-American school, charged at the age of 20 with directing five teach-

ers, and paid what he now terms "the magnificent, munificent salary of \$125 a month." Yet those nine months in a county where the Mexican kids lived in waterless, crumbling shacks and the median education of Mexican adults is still a mere 1.4 years proved the most rewarding of Lyndon's school years.

Young Lyndon insisted upon respect from his pupils. He spanked disorderly boys, tongue-lashed the girls. He taught fifth, sixth and seventh grades, demanded that his classes greet him daily with a loyal refrain:

How are you, Mr. Johnson? How are you today?

Is there anything we can do? We will do it if we may.

We will stand by you to a man.

How are you, Mr. Johnson? How are you?

Lyndon insisted that the children learn English—something no other teacher had tried or cared about. He ordered his teachers to supervise organized play at lunchtime and they went on strike, but his board backed him up. He joined eagerly in the kids' play, spent much of his salary for playground equipment, often tackled the boys on the gravel football field.

By such tactics, Lyndon earned the kids' respect—and their affection as well. "He was eager for all of us to learn," recalls Mrs. Amanda Garcia, now a clerk in a San Antonio store. "We were all just Mexicans in those days and Mexicans didn't mean much. I believe he really loved us as human beings." Adds Juan Gonzales, 50, a civil servant at Fort Sam Houston: "He respected the kids more than any other teacher we ever had." Says Manuel Sanchez, 48, a grocer: "He made us speak English. We did not like it at the time, but now we are happy he did." Echoes Juanita Ortiz, a waitress: "I remember him telling us seventh graders that anybody could be anything he

From left: Luther E. Jones, now a Corpus Christi lawyer; Mrs. Margaret Lee; Mrs. Evelyn Collins; Eugene Latimer, now a civil-defense official in Denton, Texas.

wanted to be if he worked hard at it. As young as he was, he was trying to teach us all he knew. He really cared."

All About String. Back at Sam Marcos, Lyndon took every course the college offered in government and history and did so well that he was permitted to teach two freshman classes in government. He formed a secret campus political group, the "White Stars," to seize control of campus government from the athlete-dominated "Black Stars," who were plotting to shift student funds away from dramatics and speech, devote them entirely to sports. He put up his friend, Wilgard Deason, for student president. "On the night before the election, we caucused and decided we were 20 votes short," says Deason. "The rest of us went to bed, but Lyndon went to work; when the ordinary man gives up, Johnson's just beginning." Deason won by eight votes.

Lyndon got his bachelor of science degree with a government major in August 1930, became an instructor in public speaking and business arithmetic at Sam Houston High in Houston the next month. Business Student James Sager recalls that Lyndon "could put a column of ten figures on the board and by the time he got to the bottom he'd have added them all up in his head." He fascinated his speech classes with his personal, pointed anecdotes, loved to throw out a single word and demand that his students ad-lib a speech about it. Once the word "string" stumped the class—but Lyndon promptly talked 15 minutes on the topic. Then, as now, Johnson hated to lose. His Sam Houston debate team came within one point of winning the state championship in 1931—and Lyndon vomited backstage before he could congratulate the winners.

On the side, Lyndon taught Houston's first Dale Carnegie course for businessmen. To teach poise, he would stand in a corner and heckle his Carnegie

Report for year beginning 1931 day of 1931

	Exp.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	Jun.	Jul.	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Agriculture													
Algebra													
Arithmetic													
Civics													
Composition													
Drawing													
General History													
Geography													
Geometry													
Grammar													
Literature													
Physical Geography													
Physics													
Physiology													
Reading													
Spelling													
Texas History													
U. S. History													
Writing													
Application													
Days Absent													
Departments													
Times Tardy													

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Medical studies now suggest great possible advantages in diets low in saturated fat and high in polyunsaturates. Because Fleischmann's Margarine is made from 100% corn oil, it is high in polyunsaturates and lowest in saturated fat of the nation's leading margarines. That's why Fleischmann's is ideal for low saturated fat diets many doctors recommend. Ask your doctor how Fleischmann's Margarine can help reduce the saturated fat content of your family's diet.

Fleischmann's also comes Unsalted (Sweet). Ideal for low-sodium diets. Get Fleischmann's Unsalted in the frozen food section.



Both margarines sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

Fleischmann's
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN OIL MARGARINES

students as they spoke. His teaching career ended in 1932, when he turned to politics. He enrolled in Georgetown Law School in 1934 but did not complete the semester.

Lyndon Johnson's shift to politics was prompted in part by the advice of College President Evans, who saw Johnson's possibilities as limitless if he were properly pushed by stiff competition. "A teacher is a law unto himself in the classroom," he told Johnson. "His views aren't challenged very much—you don't have to develop to your full potential." That advice proved just as beneficial to U.S. education as it was to L.B.J. For Johnson still insists: "The basis of our whole future as a nation and a civilized society depends on our ability to give every child all the education that he can take."

UNIVERSITIES

Self-Criticism at Cal

When things get sticky, the impulse of a board of governors is to "get a report." After last fall's student disorders at the University of California, the regents commissioned not one but two reports. The first, made last month by Regent Theodore Meyer and urging tightened student discipline, was a bit of a bomb; nobody objected violently or approved heartily. The second, released last week by investigators under Regent William Forbes, was a bit of a bombshell; it laid the university's troubles mostly on the regents and the administration and let the students off with a light knuckle-rapping.

The report was directed by Jerome C. Byrne, 39, a labor-law specialist and honors graduate of Harvard Law School, whose partnership in the respected Los Angeles law firm of Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher made him seem a sensible choice to investigate the eight months of unrest at Cal. But when Regent Chairman Edward Carter saw the report, he angrily called Byrne a "young, inexperienced guy, unaware of the pitfalls in a university administration." President Clark Kerr buttoned his lip, but was reported to be upset.

Mario Savio, the student chiefly responsible for the dust-up, said: "It sounds like a great report." And Byrne won other support. Regent Buff Chandler called it "a good piece of research, well written, with many salient points." Her family newspaper, the Los Angeles Times, published all 85 pages. Governor Pat Brown called it "very thoughtful, very provocative, a good report." U.C.L.A.'s Chancellor Franklin Murphy agreed with its major points.

Bogged Down in Trivia. The report's basic assumption is that California's great university system has attracted "a substantial portion of the most highly trained, intelligent, curious and creative individuals in America." They are the main value of a university, in its role as a "continuing critic" of society. Many such individuals are bound to

"pursue paths that the great majority of people regard as silly, dangerous or both." But "there is hardly a single example, either in America or elsewhere, of a distinguished university which has been directly responsible to popular opinion." Quite properly, the 16-year staggered terms of Cal's regents permit them to "remain comparatively aloof to the headlines, telephone calls and opinion polls."

Nevertheless, Byrne and his eight-man staff argue that the regents have failed to confine themselves to broad policymaking functions and have got bogged down in administrative trivia: "In a typical month of 1964, the President sent the regents 400 pages of complex material, running to several hundred thousand words." Moreover, the system has no clear delegation of authority or systematic code of laws: officials "constantly refer to university regulations which are difficult or impossible to find."

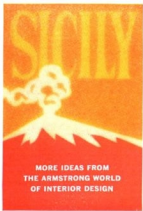
As for Cal's students, they feel isolated from the faculty, partly because "some faculty members take comparatively little interest in the quality of their performance in the classroom" since the teachers know that the administration judges them solely on their published work. Students "come to depend on one another for both intellectual stimulation and moral guidance." At the same time, "this generation of students acts from a dissatisfaction with the rate of change in American society." For some, "the opportunity to act in behalf of change is the essence of life itself." Although a few of the Free Speech Movement leaders "had close ties with the American Communist Party," there is "no evidence that F.S.M. was organized by the Communist Party, the Progressive Labor Movement or any other outside group." An elemental tragedy of the events of the fall was "the clear revelation of the deep mistrust of the young for their elders and the implicit denial of hope in one for the other."

Legislative Rumbles. The report recommended a sweeping reorganization of the university. Each of the university's nine branches would become autonomous, while regents would outline broad policies and let each chancellor operate his own campus within those guidelines. On each campus, both students and faculty would have full freedom to organize and to announce positions on any issues they considered important. The university president would confine himself to statewide university concerns—and be made chairman of the board of regents.

Regent Carter predicts that the Byrne report, for which the regents paid \$75,000, "will have very little effect." Byrne says: "I'm not exactly sure how I'm going to fight for it, but I am going to." To add to all of the confusion, State Representative Jesse Unruh, speaker of the house, rumbles that the legislature might have to investigate Cal too.



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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

A Doughty Dean's Defense

Why does the Supreme Court go on reversing state criminal decisions? Is it really soft on criminals? Is it unlawfully amending the Constitution? Harvard's Law School Dean Erwin N. Griswold told the Cleveland Bar Association last week that if anything, the court has been remarkably restrained in exercising its "clear responsibility" to make states follow the national standard set by the 14th Amendment under which "no state . . . shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

"These words are not merely empty vessels," said Griswold. They go back 750 years to Magna Carta; yet the states so ignored them that in 1905 the highly conservative William Howard Taft, who later became Chief Justice, called U.S. state criminal justice "a disgrace to our civilization." As recently as 1923, the Supreme Court confronted the fact that Arkansas' highest court had upheld death sentences meted out in a trial "dominated by mob violence" (*Moore v. Dempsey*). Was the Supreme Court wrong in reversing that decision? What about confessions "obtained by brutality or by fraud?" asked the dean. Since 1936, the court has faced 30 such cases—all affirmed by state courts. Did the Supreme Court overreach in overruling them?

Sound & Salutory. For 172 years, noted Griswold, most state police acted as if they never heard of the Fourth Amendment ban against "unreasonable searches and seizures." Most of them never even used search warrants. In



DEFENDANT BEHAWI



JUDGE & JURORS ON BENCH

After 300 hours of juicy testimony, a total waste.

1949, the court tolerantly ruled (*Wolf v. Colorado*) that states could enforce the Fourth Amendment as they saw fit. For example, they did not necessarily have to exclude illegally seized evidence (despite the rule to that effect in federal courts since 1914). Yet the states so abused even *Wolf* that in 1961 the court finally applied the "exclusionary rule" to all states (*Mapp v. Ohio*). "If a citizen's home is his castle," asked Griswold, "can there be any doubt that this decision is a sound and salutary one?"

The court's critics argue that *Mapp* handcuffs the police. "Is this not a better country when the police cannot break down doors without a warrant and make use of any evidence they may seize?"

Responsibility & Realization. As Griswold sees it, the court has simply "decided that the time has come to enforce the high standards that we have long professed." To be sure, this makes life harder for law-enforcement agencies. "We must do more to help and upgrade the police. They should be better paid and better educated. They should have much more instruction on their duties than is now available to them." When the states fully meet such responsibilities, said Griswold, "we will all be better off and we will have more nearly realized the potentialities of our great federal form of government."

FOREIGN LAW

Jury Goof in Rome

Farouk Chourbagi was a handsome Egyptian textile merchant who mixed fabrics and females while living and loving in Rome. He was found dead in his office off Via Veneto one morning last year, his body riddled with bullets, his face scarred with acid. The cops nabbed Farouk's combustible mistress, a honey-blond Egyptian named Claire Behawi, and her rich cotton dealer husband Youssef. Each said the other did it: he in a fit of jealousy, said she; she to end the affair, said he. Both

were indicted for murder and went on trial together as codefendants.

Thus began one of the most spectacular murder trials in Italian history. Starting last January, it took 57 hearings and 300 hours of juicy testimony. Witnesses from Egypt, the Sudan, Lebanon and Switzerland babbled in six languages. Claire shrieked obscenities in Arabic, jolting her lawyer, ex-Italian Premier Giovanni Leone. One witness recoiled from facing Claire, and the court traveled to Hamburg to interview her.

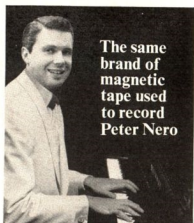
The Behawis turned out to be divorced, though living together, but the prosecution established little else. It failed to produce the gun; it did not shake either Claire's story that she was in the office bathroom while Youssef killed her lover, or Youssef's story that she did it while he was out walking. The whole affair cost thousands—all of it totally wasted. The court has just declared a mistrial for the completely unexpected reason that three of the six jurors were found to be ineligible.

Italy calls jurors "people's judges," theoretically gives them equal status in criminal trials with the two judges. Requirements include "good moral standing," a secondary school education and ages between 30 and 65. Eligible citizens are listed (32,000 in Rome), screened by mayors, magistrates and judges, finally picked by lot. Unfortunately, the screening failed to match the requirements. As the Behawi trial neared its end, one woman juror turned out to be over 65, another had less than secondary schooling, and a third (a highly educated countess) had gone to a private school not recognized by the state.

Agghast, the government aims to pinpoint responsibility and po-ssibly assess damages. As for the Behawis, they face a hot Roman summer in jail and may not get a new trial until October. Not that most Italians mind; they loved the first trial and are delighted at the prospect of a second.



HARVARD'S GRISWOLD
Is overruling overreaching?



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LAW SCHOOLS

Learning by Doing

The liveliest teaching device in U.S. law schools today is a wholly extracurricular activity: the Law Students Civil Rights Research Council, a 34-campus movement with an impressive record of devotion to constitutional law in action.

The council was founded in 1963 after a handful of Northern law students gave up summer jobs to go south as volunteer clerks for civil rights lawyers. "When I saw those women and children being knocked down by fire hoses," remembers Philip Hirschkop (Georgetown Law '64), "I knew that I would be in this thing for a long time." By fall, ten summer veterans had banded together. Howard Slater (Yale Law '66) recalls "our common revulsion" at the campus attitude back home. "Law students seemed so preoccupied with success as measured in dollars, with the study of law as an academic game rather than as a tool for social justice."

Tremendous Experience. Slater & Co. organized the nonpolitical council not only to lure more students into civil rights, but also to prod more lawyers into all kinds of public service. They got almost instant response. U.S. Senators, Wall Street lawyers and Ivy League law professors opened their wallets. A foundation put up \$2,000; the American Civil Liberties Union contributed free office space in Manhattan. At Columbia, more than 300 students from 15 law schools attended the council's first big meeting. In Washington, Students Hirschkop (now a Virginia lawyer handling a key miscegenation case) and Richard Granat (Columbia '65) got the council declared tax-exempt in a record-breaking ten days—and helped attract another \$75,000 in foundation money in the process.

Last summer the council put 40 students to work aiding indigent clients in Northern cities, from Philadelphia to San Francisco. Another 60 clerked for volunteer Northern lawyers in the South, notably in Mississippi. Columbia Law Senior Robert Watkins (Harvard '59) is a Boston Negro who had never dreamed of facing "Southern realities," before he went south. Now, after "a tremendous experience" in Mississippi, Watkins is ready for more. "I had a skill—law, I was delighted that it could be used to help my people."

Ole Miss Delegation. Director Steven Antler (Columbia Law '64), who runs the council's Manhattan office, is presiding over no one-shot summer project. This winter, from Harvard to Stanford, council members churned out research on subjects ranging from rent laws to *de facto* school segregation. University of Colorado law students aim to start council-sponsored research for the purpose of encouraging more lawyers to defend Spanish Americans. In Washington, D.C., students from 20 law schools attended a council-run conference on "law and indigency," urged a sharp ex-



ANTLER & WATKINS AT COLUMBIA
A prod into public service.

pansion in lawyers' services for the poor.

This week, as most law schools wind up the academic year, 342 students have applied for summer council jobs in the North as well as the South. A hard-eyed screening committee has picked 177, rejected 97, put 68 on a waiting list. The council is now looking beyond purely racial problems. At the University of Illinois, it has just held a "conference on bail and indigency" attended by judges, prosecutors, policemen and legal-aid experts. The University of Mississippi sent a student delegation. "We are interested in all constitutional rights of all Americans," explained one Ole Miss student. If the council goes on uniting law students on those grounds, it will be doing quite a job.

JUDGES

Oklahoma Impeachment

By a vote of 32 to 15, precisely the two-thirds majority that was needed, the Oklahoma senate last week ousted State Supreme Court Justice Napoleon Bonaparte Johnson, 74, on impeachment charges made by the state house of representatives (TIME, April 16). The case hinged on the testimony of former Justice Nelson S. Corn, 81, who was granted immunity after admitting that in 1957 he took a \$150,000 bribe to mastermind the 6-2 reversal of a state tax claim against a shady investment company.

To swing that decision, Corn said that he paid \$7,500 apiece to Justice Johnson and former Justice Earl Welch, 73, and later paid them another \$2,500 apiece in an oil-lease case. Welch recently resigned, thus escaping impeachment. Johnson denied the charges, and when he was tried by Oklahoma's state senators, during one day's testimony, he repeated 56 times: "I don't recall." Johnson cannot appeal his removal from office. He and Welch also face probable criminal charges for bribery.



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ART

MUSEUMS

Israel's Hilltop Ark

On a Jerusalem hill blasted by sun bright as sheet lightning, Israel's new \$5,500,000 national museum opened last week to Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Said Premier Levi Eshkol, recalling Noah's sons, "The museum will introduce something of the beauty of Japheth into the tents of Shem." Although the museum hardly has two of everything, it is an ark for art in the Middle East.

Doors from Cairo. The museum has four parts. Already 50,000 visitors have tunneled through the white-domed Shrine of the Book (TIME, April 30). Near by are five acres of contoured gardens, designed by Isamu Noguchi, containing sculptures given by Showman Billy Rose. Called the Billy Rose Art Garden (the word for sculpture—*pesel*—means a forbidden graven image), its terraces bank abstract works from Henry Moore to Tinguely, representational sculptures from Maillol to Rodin. The nudes not the abstractions forced two of Israel's chief rabbis to snub the inauguration.

Hugging the hillside like an Arab village is the museum's main silhouette: the 28 interconnected, boxy pavilions that house the Bezalel National Art Museum and the Samuel Bronfman Archaeological and Biblical Museum. Designed by Israeli Architects Alfred Mansfeld and Dora Gad, the pavilions are soft to the feet, with taupe carpeting over cork, and harsh on the eyes, with unshaded clerestories admitting a blaze of light. In the Bezalel* the exhibition is mostly on loan from ten countries, mainly illustrates Old Testament themes, and spans art history from the *quattrocento* to Vasarely's op. Where the Bezalel triumphs is its Judaism: intricate wooden doors from Cairo's medieval synagogue of Maimonides and an entire blue-and-gold baroque synagogue from Italy, donated by New York Investor Jakob Michael.

Bombproof Pits for Isiah. Almost all the funds that built the museum came from the New World. The \$800,000 Shrine of the Book was bankrolled by the Gottesman Foundation, named for the late Pulp-and-Paper Tycoon Samuel Gottesman. The U.S. Government has contributed \$830,000 and the Bronfman museum was a \$2,000,000 birthday gift from the children of the 70-year-old Canadian liquor magnate. Billy Rose estimates that his garden cost \$1,600,000. But no one seems to mind a bit that this whole art complex lies within gunshot of the barbed-wire border of Jordan. Only the Isiah scroll in Kiesler's shrine can lower into the

safety of a bombproof pit. Explained Rose: "If there are a couple of million people who are willing to gamble flesh and blood on Israel, I don't see why I can't gamble a few tons of stone and marble. And if they are ever attacked, they can melt the metal down and make bullets out of the sculpture."

CERAMICS

Britain's Royal Potter

To most people, Wedgwood is just their cup of tea. The name of the British pottery firm, founded in 1759, connotes what Steuben does to glass or Gobelins to tapestries. Today Wedgwood, under the direction of the founder's great-great-grandson, has kept pace with the 20th century, has a complete line of modern ceramic ware. But the firm still continues to



WEDGWOOD IN WEDGWOOD
Fragile elegance in abiding colors.

make many of the wares that Josiah Wedgwood originally designed. Not a whit of the craftsmanship that makes Wedgwood endure has changed. A current exhibition at the Paine Art Center and Arboretum in Oshkosh, Wis., brings together nearly 700 pieces of early Wedgwood, showing that the most fragile art has the most abiding colors (see opposite page).

Before Wedgwood, those Englishmen who could not eat off gold plates ate off pewter and wooden trenchers. Josiah changed all that. At age nine, he had started "throwing," or molding clay, at his brother's pottery, opened his own kiln 20 years later, and plunged into the relentless experimentation that marked him as one of the most liberal and scientific minds of the Age of Enlightenment. This is the 200th anniversary of the year when his cream-colored earthenware so impressed Queen Charlotte I that she made Wedgwood her court potter and ordered that pearly pottery be called Queen's Ware. The works were fit even for an empress, and Catherine the Great of Russia ordered a Queen's Ware dinner and dessert serv-

ice of 952 pieces in what was Wedgwood's largest commission.

Elegant Simplicity. England in the 18th century was caught up in the throes of a classical revival. The digs at lava-overlaid Herculaneum in Italy were uncovering arts of antiquity that the world was seeing for the first time. Architect Robert Adam was recapturing the glories of Greece and Rome in his neoclassic columns and pediments. Wedgwood, too, plunked for the neoclassic against rococo excesses, writing in 1769: "Elegant simplicity—I shall more than ever make that idea a leading principle." He glazed red figures similar to Etruscan pots onto the matte surfaces of his ironlike black basalt ware. Then he invented what is Wedgwood's most famous ceramic, jasper ware, whose white classical relief on blue body still accounts for a quarter of the firm's output.

To perfect jasper ware, an unfading ceramic that also comes in green, lavender, yellow and maroon, Josiah fired more than 10,000 experiments in his kilns. What he was after was a material that could be impregnated with color throughout, rather than simply receive a surface glaze. And in caulk, a form of barium sulphate, Josiah found what he wanted. Jasper ware grew so popular that the English used it for shoe buckles, chessmen, perfume vials, bell pulls, architectural ornaments, even a mortar and pestle. Most famous of all Josiah's jasper ware was his limited edition of the Portland vase, after a Greek vase supposedly made in Alexandria in 50 A.D. Last year a rare slate-blue Portland vase sold at auction for \$8,600. Josiah would get \$1.50 for a fine jasper cup and saucer; today it would sell for one hundred times as much.

Conscience in Clay. The potter also became a pioneer of the industrial revolution. He built a model town for his 650 workers, named it Etruria for the ancient state in Italy whose rediscovered pottery helped spark the classical revival. He divided labor into a crude assembly line, carved a 93-mile canal to avoid overland transport of his fragile ware by horse, backed Inventors James Watt and Matthew Boulton, and installed one of their first industrial steam engines. His own invention, a pyrometer for measuring extremely high temperatures, helped to win him admission to the Royal Society.

A potter of uncommon conscience, Wedgwood supported both the French and American Revolutions, though he well knew that they would hurt his business. An ardent antislaver, Wedgwood sent Ben Franklin his historic medallion showing a chained Negro pleading, "Am I not a man and a brother?" And he became Evolutionist Charles Darwin's grandfather. At Josiah Wedgwood's burial place in the Stoke-on-Trent church, his epitaph reads: he "converted a rude and inconsiderable manufactory into an elegant art and an important part of national commerce." More than that, he annealed common clay with an uncommon love of life.

* Pronounced Buh-tzal-el, the museum is named after the first master craftsman in the Bible (*Exodus 31:2*), who built the tabernacle in the wilderness.

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THE THEATER

Marx's Revenge

Flora, the Red Menace, The idea of spinning a musical comedy around a Manhattan Communist Party cell in the Depression '30s bears out Marx's warning that history repeats itself as farce. The era resists the prevailing modes of musical comedy: satire and nostalgia. The '30s are not close enough for slashing satirical gibes, and not distant enough to be bathed in a glowing forgetfulness of things past. Half the audience is too young to care, and the other half is too old to wish to be reminded of it.

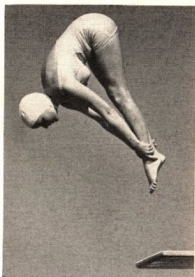
Though filled with plot-happy cartoon Commies, *Flora* is strangely plotless. A stammeringly angry young Red (Bob Dishy) sweet-and-sour-talks a guileless fashion illustrator (Liza Min-



LIZA MINNELLI & JUDY GARLAND
A chip off the old shoulder.

nelli) into carrying a card. When she surprises him with a half-undressed, wholly unabashed, free-love enterpriser (Cathryn Damon) and discovers that the chip on his shoulder is his head, she rips up both card and cad.

Any attempt to re-create a period must be laved in memory and affection, but *Flora* looks down on rather than at the '30s. The show's parodies of parlor-pink dance epics, and the "knock knock" pun craze are too self-consciously silly to be funny. A tune-drab, dance-starved, lead-witted musical is scarcely the dream debut for a star, but Liza Minnelli puts vocal muscle and wistful appeal into her spindling role. She has the wide-famed eyes of a waif, that vulnerable little-child look of hunger and wonder. Like her mother, Judy Garland, she produces the Big Sound spontaneously, though she phrases her songs with a dramatic intensity more like that of Barbra Streisand. At 19, Liza Minnelli is a star-to-be, a performer of arresting presence who does not merely occupy the stage but fills it.



That's my girl!

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SPORT

HORSE RACING

The Education of a Jockey

Earlier this month in the Kentucky Derby, Jockey Ron Turcotte tried to drive his mount, Tom Rolfe, through a hole on the rail. Suddenly there was no hole. Another jockey abruptly cut over in front of him, and Turcotte had to rein in to keep from bumping into the horse ahead. Shut off with no place to go, he finished third behind Lucky Debonair. Ordinarily, he might have screamed foul. But in the Derby, by tradition, there is no such thing as a foul. Turcotte, 23, stalked into the jockeys' room and snarled: "O.K. O.K. I learned a lesson out there today."

Sentimental Second. He had that lesson in mind when the horses paraded to the post for the start of the Preakness at Pimlico last week. Lucky Debonair naturally was the favorite at 8-5—despite a bruised ankle that almost caused Trainer Frank Catrone to scratch him from the race. Tom Rolfe, the smallest horse in the field (at 15.2 hands and less than 1,000 lbs.), was the sentimental second choice, mostly because three of his four 1965 victories had come on Maryland's deep, sandy tracks. His breeding probably had something to do with it too. Sired by Ribot, two-time winner of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Tom Rolfe was foaled by the stakes-winning mare Pocahontas. Owner Raymond Guest, the U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, named him after the son of the real Pocahontas, who grew tobacco in the days when smoking was still a social sort of vice.

After the first five furlongs of the 1½-mi. Preakness, Tom Rolfe was nine lengths back. Isador Bieber's Flag Raiser (odds: 5-1) was straining for the lead, with Lucky Debonair and a longshot named Swift Ruler (42-1). Lucky Debonair's jockey, Willie Shoemaker, knew he was in trouble: "I

was getting into him pretty good, but he wasn't giving me anything." Rounding the turn for home, Flag Raiser was in front—but there was Tom Rolfe ranging up to take the lead.

Purposeful Maneuver. Along the rail, Ogden Phipps's Dapper Dan, another son of Ribot and runner-up to Lucky Debonair in the Derby, began to make his move. Jockey Turcotte remembered. Whipping righthanded, he drove Tom Rolfe straight toward the rail as if he intended to run right into Dapper Dan. At the last second before a collision, Turcotte turned his colt away. The maneuver served its purpose: for the barest instant, Dapper Dan flinched and broke stride—and in that instant Tom Rolfe won the race. Milo Valenzuela, who rode Dapper Dan, claimed foul. The stewards did their duty; they thought about it for 15 min. before they disallowed the claim. Richer by \$12,810, his 10% cut of the winner's purse, Jockey Turcotte cheerfully admitted: "I really closed the gate on that other horse."

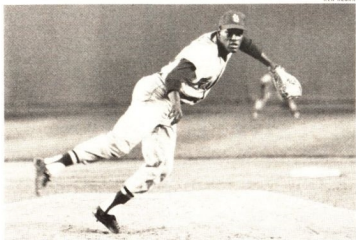
BASEBALL

Mostly Ssssst!

Baseball pays St. Louis' Bob Gibson \$40,000 a year, but that doesn't mean he has to make it complicated. "I can't stand heehawing around," says Pitcher Gibson, 29, "studying the catchers' signs, staring at the hitters—all that jazz. My philosophy is to hum it in there, baby, and let's find out who's best—them or me." Other pitchers play around with windups, curves, sliders, screwballs and such. Not Gibson. He uses hardly any windup at all, simply rears back and fires—with a great paroxysm of flailing arms and legs that carries him halfway to the plate. He throws fastballs 90% of the time, and he often has only the foggiest notion of where they are going to go. "Mostly," says



TOM ROLFE WINNING THE PREAKNESS
He closed the gate.



GIBSON IN ACTION
He found the barn.

Philadelphia's Johnny Callison, "they just go sssssst!"

Six Straight. Two weeks ago, Gibson shut out the Phillies on one hit—a single by Callison. Last week he gave up ten hits to the meddlesome New York Mets, but he struck out nine and won the game 4-3 for his sixth straight against no defeats. With the 1965 season a month old, the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals have won 13 games (out of 27), and Righthander Gibson has personally accounted for 46% of those victories. Last week he led both leagues in strikeouts (with 54) and shut-outs (with three), and his earned-run average was a stingy 2.57. Says Philadelphia's Clay Dalrymple: "Bob Gibson has got to be the toughest pitcher in this league."

The toughness comes naturally. Gibson's father died a month before he was born, and as a tot, recalls his mother, Bob had rickets, hay fever, pneumonia and a rheumatic heart. Childhood ailments did not keep him from becoming a two-letter man (baseball and basketball) at Omaha's Creighton University. But when he tried touring with the Harlem Globetrotters, he had a series of asthma attacks and quit.

Signed by the Cards for a measly \$4,000 bonus, Bob won 15 games in 1962—before he broke his ankle taking his cuts in batting practice. In 1963 he came back strong, won 18 and lost only nine. Then, last summer, he developed a sore arm: in one 18-day stretch, he started five games and was bombed for six runs in each game. Once again, Gibson bounced back. He won nine out of his last eleven games, for a 19-12 record, went on to star in the World Series—beating the New York Yankees twice in the space of four days and striking out 31 batters to break a 61-year-old Series record.

90 m.p.h. Gibson has come a long way since the day a Cardinal official confided: "Bob could throw a ball through the side of a barn, if he could

only hit the barn." Now and then, of course, he still uncorks a wild one: two years ago, a stray Gibson fastball broke the shoulder of San Francisco's Jim Ray Hart, and in 56 innings this season, Bob has walked 26 men. But now it's the catchers who have to look out. The speed of his "hummer" is estimated at well over 90 m.p.h. Sighs the Cards' Bob Uecker, "You'd better bring along an extra sponge."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► **Kansas' Jim Ryun.** 18: a 3-min. 58.3-sec. mile, fastest ever run by a high-schooler and only 4.2 sec. off the world record held by New Zealand's Peter Snell; in a meet at Wichita. Passing the three-quarter-mile mark in 3 min. 2 sec., Ryun sprinted the last quarter in 56.3 sec., clipped 3.7 sec. off his own high school record set last month.

► **Harvard:** the Eastern Sprint Rowing Championship, for the second straight year; at Worcester, Mass. Battling 10-m.p.h. headwinds, the smooth-stroking Crimson varsity, unbeaten in college competition since 1963, easily out-distanced runner-up Cornell by 9.6 sec.

► **Italy's Lorenzo Bandini,** 29: the 447-mile Targa Florio, world's oldest and slowest major road race; in Sicily. With Co-Driver Nino Vaccarella, Bandini piloted his prototype Ferrari around the twisting, hilly course at an average speed of 63.7 m.p.h., finished a full 5 min. ahead of his closest pursuer: a Porsche driven by Britain's Colin Davis.

► **Australia's Bruce Crampton,** 29: the \$100,000 Colonial National Invitation golf tournament; at Fort Worth. Tied for second at the start of the final round—postponed for two days by heavy rains—Crampton fired a four-under-par 66 that gave him a three-stroke victory, his second of 1965 (he also won the Bing Crosby National) and by far the richest of his career: first-place money was \$20,000.

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SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

Toward the Edge of the Universe

The announcement said that Astronomer Maarten Schmidt of Caltech had discovered a quasar (quasi-stellar radio source) racing away from earth at 80% of the speed of light. That brief observation last week surely marks a significant milestone in the expanding reach of modern astronomy. Since speed is related to distance, the speed of Schmidt's quasar makes it by far the most distant object ever identified. Even more important, discovering the quasar meant that Dr. Schmidt had refined a delicate technique that will almost certainly find still more distant objects and lead man



3C-9

close to the edge (if there is an edge) of the observable universe.

Fast & Far. Quasars were first recognized as astronomical curiosities when, unlike the ordinary stars they resemble, they showed up as the sources of enormous amounts of radio energy. Then Dr. Schmidt studied spectrograms of their light and demonstrated that it had shifted far toward the red wave lengths—proof positive that quasars are not only incredibly far off but are speeding away still farther, carried along by the rapid expansion of distant parts of the universe.

With every new observation, the mystery deepened. Quasars turned out to be by far the most brilliant objects in the universe, shining with the light of from 50 to 100 galaxies, each containing 100 billion stars as bright as the sun. Where did all the energy come from? Searching for answers, Dr. Schmidt and his colleagues pored over spectrograms which showed quasar light separated into its various wave lengths. They knew that the most distant fast-moving bodies should show spectrogram lines of far ultraviolet light whose waves had been lengthened so much in their shift toward the red that they would appear in that part of the spectrum where the much longer waves of visible light are normally found. So they catalogued all possible kinds of ultraviolet that might con-

ceivably come from a quasar and looked for characteristic patterns in their faint spectrograms. At last they found a quasar, 3C-254, whose spectrum showed five clear lines. All except one of them had been identified in earlier-found quasar spectrograms; the fifth, which lay deeper in the ultraviolet, could now be identified by its relation to the other four.

Tripled Wave. Step by painful step Schmidt's search identified spectrogram lines and unlocked the spectral secrets of five new quasars. The most distant of them, 3C-9, showed signs of a kind of



ASTRONOMER MAARTEN SCHMIDT
With the light of 10,000 billion suns.

ultraviolet which comes from the sun in considerable quantities but is absorbed by the earth's atmosphere. It had never been photographed before by surface observatories. In the 3C-9's spectrum, its wave length had been more than tripled by shifting toward the red. It showed as an easily photographed blue and proved that the quasar's speed is 149,000 miles per second, 80% of the speed of light.

In last week's announcement five new quasars were listed, their speeds varying upward from 93,000 miles per second. What this means in actual distance Dr. Schmidt is not quite sure. He is certain, however, that they are the most distant objects so far identified, even though man's knowledge of the outer fringes of the universe is too uncertain for making hard and fast measurements. Out among the quasars, space itself may have unfamiliar properties.

Old & Violent. The quasars, says Schmidt, are surely the oldest observable things in the universe. They probably shone for only a short time—a mere million years or so—and their light had to travel for many billions of years before it reached the earth. They lived their brief and violent lives before

the sun was born, perhaps soon after the birth of the expanding universe 15 billion years ago when it was only one-third its present size.

Neither Dr. Schmidt nor his colleagues know yet what quasars are. They gravely reject the theory of Russian Astronomer Nikolai S. Kardashev, that one of the five reported last week, CTA-102, sends out bursts of energy that are coded messages to the universe from a supercivilization. It seems unlikely to the group at Caltech that any civilization, no matter how advanced, would be able to switch on and off the energy output of 10,000 billion suns.

In the absence of a superintelligence, some natural explanation will have to be found for the fantastic energy of the quasars, which is far above the possible yield of any reaction presently known to physics. Perhaps only a new kind of physics will be able to explain the quasars' behavior. Meanwhile they can serve as beacons guiding astronomers farther and farther into the unknown. Dr. Schmidt is sure that his spectroscopic methods, which are constantly improving, will find many more quasars. As information about them accumulates, he hopes that theories about them will begin to make more sense.

SPACE

Soft Landing the Hard Way

With modest fanfare, last week the Russians launched their first space shot aimed at landing an unmanned vehicle softly on the moon. After a successful mid-course correction of trajectory, Tass announced that the spacecraft Lunik V was expected to touch down on the lunar plain called the Sea of Clouds at 10:15 p.m. Moscow time. And there were proud hints that this time the flight might not end in the destructive crash that has marked all previous Russian and U.S. moon shots.

Then came the report that Lunik V had landed in the area of the Sea of Clouds five minutes ahead of schedule. "During the flight," said Tass, "a great deal of information was obtained which is necessary for the further elaboration of a system for soft landing on the moon's surface." No further explanation was offered, but most non-Soviet experts suspected that Lunik V's retro-rockets had not ignited, and that the spacecraft had crashed on the moon while traveling at 6,000 m.p.h. Such a failure to slow down would account neatly for the early impact.

Certainly the Russians did not score any spectacular triumph, but no competent space engineer would blame them for failing on the first try. The U.S. Surveyor program, which is working toward the same soft-landing goal, will fire at least four test shots starting next fall, before even trying to land a scientific pay load equipped to radio information from the lunar surface. It is likely that the Russians are making the same gradual approach.

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We're delighted, of course. And not because we will sell much more Chivas this way. We're pleased personally, because we travel so much these days. And now we can enjoy a drop of Scotch aloft without the somewhat discomfoting business of drinking some other brand.

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Someday all airlines will serve Chivas Regal.

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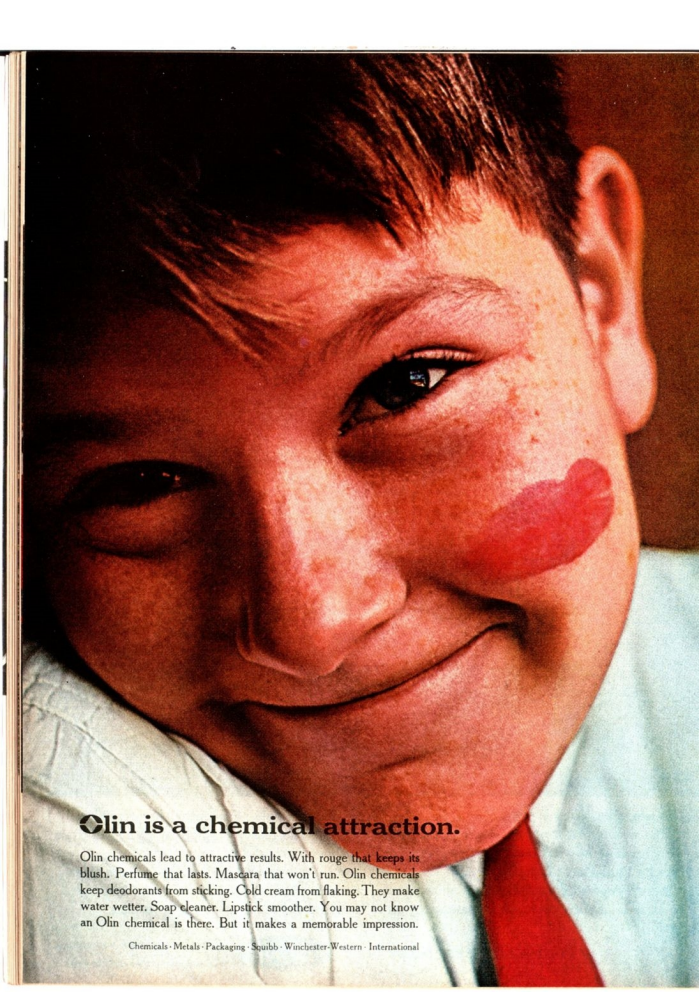
They also retain their brilliance longer, even without waxing.

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MODERN LIVING

NEW TOWNS

18 Miles from the Capital

The idea is simple enough. Cluster houses closely together instead of planting each house on an inadequate lot of its own. Consolidate the extra space to make playgrounds, parks, golf courses and lakes for community use. Provide an industrial park where small industries can locate, making the town something more than a commuter's bedroom outside a big city.

But for the developer, the hazards are immense. He cannot start small and then expand. In order to create a New Town, he must acquire immense acreage, invest large sums in landscaping and nonproductive (at least immediately) projects such as artificial lakes and golf courses, and figure on waiting five years or more before the place catches on, the people move in and he can earn a return on his investment.

Across the U.S., some 20 courageous developers have started New Towns. But the unanswered question still is: Will the independent U.S. homeowner be willing to sacrifice a part of his own backyard for the sake of more spacious community facilities? Will enough companies move out of the big cities into the New Town's industrial parks? For indications of how the future will go, the New Town most closely watched by architects and developers alike is Reston, Va. It is probably the farthest along, and architects agree that it is superbly designed. Says Architect Philip Johnson: "Reston is the most advanced planning in housing today."

Residential & Recreational. Situated on 6,800 acres of rolling fox-hunting country, 18 miles west of Washington and four miles from the new Dulles Airport, Reston is the brainchild of New York Entrepreneur Robert E. Simon

Jr. By its projected completion in 1980, it will house 75,000 people in seven villages, have over 1,600 acres of recreational areas, including two 18-hole and three nine-hole golf courses, a natural and an artificial lake, and a horse stable (the nearest village will have hitching posts in front of its stores), plus a plethora of community-owned pools, tennis courts, playgrounds and hiking trails.

Residential and recreational areas will be woven together so closely that some Restonians will be able to chip onto a nearby green from their patio, others to watch their horses grazing a few steps away, still others cast off from their own bulkheads, motorboat across the lake, and moor a few feet away from their favorite store. Its houses will be built around dead-end streets, thus keeping children well away from hurtling through-traffic. Because no part of any village will be more than ten minutes away by foot, most travel will be confined to tree-lined walkways.

No Saltboxes. The choice of residences is as wide as the choice of recreations. Prospective dwellings range from a one-room efficiency flat in a high-rise apartment building through a \$25,400 three-bedroom town house to a custom-built home on a large lot for \$60,000 or more. To avoid a drab uniformity, Simon has assigned the designing responsibilities to five different architectural firms, and they have come through with flying colors. Instead of picture-window ranch houses or cramped Cape Cod saltboxes, Reston offers handsome modern architecture and quality construction found in few developments today.

Almost 14% of the land has been reserved for light-industry plants and government-agency buildings. To attract small companies, Simon is con-

structing a 132,000-sq.-ft. office building that will rent out space, feature a common cafeteria, technical library and possibly a communal computer. The industrial park will restore to most residents the old-fashioned pleasure of being able to walk to work.

The Prognosis. So far, Reston's prognosis is good. Three companies, Motorola, Singer and Air Surveys, have already moved into the industrial park, and another dozen or so are negotiating for space. The 14-story apartment building, which has not even been topped off, already has a waiting list for occupancy, and 78 of the 270 town houses and detached homes nearing completion have been sold. Says Planner-Architect Victor Gruen, who has designed eight New Towns himself: "Reston is the most courageous effort toward the building of a New Town yet undertaken. It is my fervent hope, and I am sure all progressive architects and planners share this hope, that the New Town of Reston will succeed. If so, this would mark a great breakthrough in community planning in our country."

SPECTACLES

Vivid Ghost

Tied up alongside a pier on the Wilmington river front, the 728-ft. battleship U.S.S. *North Carolina* by day looks like just another battleship saved from the scrap heap to serve as a war memorial. But at night she comes alive. In an hourlong adaptation of the *son et lumière* technique first developed in France, the *North Carolina* carries spectators through a dramatized history of its battle-scarred career, from launching to war's end. The production involves 58 stereophonic speakers scat-

JON R. WOODS



RESTON'S HOUSES CLUSTERED ABOUT ARTIFICIAL LAKE

To motorboat to the shopping center or chip onto the green from the patio.



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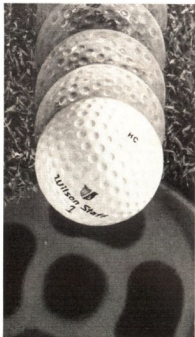
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tered about the ship and synchronized with 2,000 multicolored lights.

"I am 'The Showboat' of my day, a full ship of the line," announces a ghostly voice, and the show is on. There is the sound of a champagne bottle cracking and metal scraping, followed by a splash, tugboat whistles, horns, and handclapping. As the noise recedes from the stands and the lights are doused progressively from the stern to the bow, the huge ship actually seems to move down the ways.

The battle scenes that follow have an eerie air of realism. Supporting the landing at Guadalcanal, the ship undergoes her first attack by Japanese aircraft. Sirens, bugles, bosun's pipes and klaxons sound while a single blinker flashes

MICHAEL WORTON



NORTH CAROLINA IN "ACTION"
"Dusty, Dusty . . . Dusty's gone in."

in the darkness. The voices of fighter pilots mingle with the staccato rat-a-tat of machine-gun bullets: "I see about 40 bandits . . . Red, where are you? Dusty, Dusty . . . Dusty's gone in." Then the big, 16-in. guns belch out billows of multicolored smoke.

As the battle progresses, the ship suffers her first fatality. At a dimly lit spot on the far rail of the ship, the muffled voice of a chaplain is heard, a bass drum rolls, and a splash sounds over the starboard side. Later on, men are heard practicing their bathroom baritones ("Yo-ho, Pagliacci, I got a waterproof watchee") when a torpedo strikes. There is a rending of metal, an explosion, and finally the sucking sound of water rushing through a hole. The singing stops. All four men died in the shower room.

To hardened war veterans, "The Showboat" spectacular may seem like so much sentimental bilge. But most customers come away battle-weary and a bit teary-eyed.

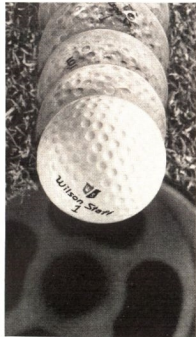
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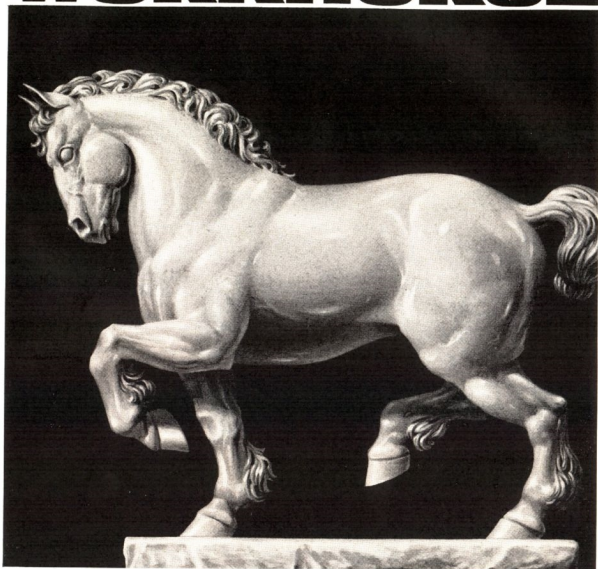
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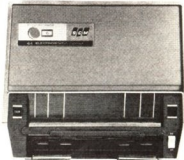
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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Renewal Among the Jesuits

The Society of Jesus, goes an old Jesuit joke, is "a monarchy limited only by the incompetence of its superiors and the insubordination of their subjects." Since the death last October of the Very Rev. John Baptist Janssens, the world's 36,000 mostly competent, disciplined and obedient Jesuits have had no monarch. This week 224 priestly delegates from the Roman Catholic Church's most influential order are meeting in Rome to choose their 28th Father General and to discuss ways of applying the Vatican Council's spirit of

"It's not that we've lost luster," says one prominent U.S. Jesuit theologian, "but others have made advances." The Jesuits can still boast proudly of having some of the church's brightest intellectual luminaries, ranging from such heady European theologians as Karl Rahner of Germany and Francis Arenz, a promising young Ph.D. in astronautics who is a consultant at Lockheed. But the quality and character of the order varies considerably from province to province. The Jesuits of Colombia, for example, are extremely conservative, while in France the order remains radical and progressive-spirited. Man for

as need arose. Today, the American provinces are hard put to staff an awesome ecclesiastical machine that supports in the U.S. alone, 28 colleges and universities, 51 high schools, 24 national publications, and ten seminaries. As a result, the scholarly careers of promising men are sometimes delayed or curtailed by immediate institutional needs. "The percentage of our men involved in teaching and administration is amazing," says St. Louis Sociologist John Thomas. "A superior's attitude today," adds California Theologian James Wall, "is that he needs a teacher of English A, but quick."

"Sometimes," says one Jesuit Biblical scholar, "I look at my group and think no more conservative group could be found anywhere. Then I look at the other orders and I think, no, I'm sorry, but we're still ahead." What keeps the Jesuits ahead is, in large measure, the fire and zeal of younger members of the society, who have plenty of ideas of what ought to be done. Many would like to see the society abandon all but a handful of its best universities—such as Fordham and Georgetown—and send its top professors to jobs at secular universities. Bored with an outdated classical curriculum, they would like more training in social and physical sciences, greater freedom to develop a Christian theology for the racial struggle and international development. "You can't affect the world if you don't reflect it," says a San Francisco Jesuit teacher.

To Combat Atheism. How much reform the convention will accomplish before it ends—probably in July—is a matter of conjecture. Many older Jesuits, who control the centers of power, are reluctant to tamper with what they call the "substantials" of the society. Much depends upon how radical a reform Pope Paul will tolerate. Although last year he urged a convention of religious superiors to keep abreast of the Council, his address to the delegates was a quite traditional plea to combat atheism and avoid "indulging to excess in the novelties of the day."

Nonetheless, it is not in the nature of the Jesuits to be too still for too long, and much renewal is already taking shape within the order by quiet evolution rather than constitutional change. Already many U.S. seminaries are sending their students to nearby secular institutions for classes, adapting the curriculum to conform more to university standards of a liberal arts or science education. Carrying on the Jesuit tradition of scholarship, dozens of young scholars are earning doctorates in space sciences, working side by side with laymen at research centers. "When the astronauts land on the moon," says Jesuit Scholastic Don Merrifield, who works at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, "there will be a Jesuit scientist among the entourage that follows."

St. Ignatius would have liked that.



JESUIT DELEGATES AT THE VATICAN
Have they lost luster, or are others advancing?

renewal to the remarkable company of men founded 431 years ago by St. Ignatius Loyola of Spain.

In all, 1,084 proposals have been put forward by Jesuit echelons for consideration by their society's 31st General Congregation. Among the principal suggestions for reform are: 1) election of the general for six, seven or twelve years rather than life; 2) shortening the normal 15-year training period before ordination; and 3) providing more authority for the provincials (area chiefs) and more democracy within their provinces. Also to be considered are elimination of the elite Jesuit "professed," who take a fourth vow of personal loyalty to the Pope in addition to the standard vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and revamping of the Jesuit notion of obedience in light of modern Catholic thinking about individual conscience.

Behind the Times. The volume and scope of the reform proposals suggest that the Jesuits, traditionally the church's intellectual avant-garde, may have fallen a bit behind the times. Some members of the society freely admit it.

man, the 8,600 U.S. Jesuits probably have less influence than the 261 communications-minded Paulist fathers. With few vocations to bring in new blood, the society in Italy, says one U.S. Jesuit, is in "terrible shape"; he describes the Roman province as a "museum piece."

If Jesuit renewal is overdue, part of the blame rests with Pope Pius XII, who squashed any overhaul at a 1957 General Congregation by warning the delegates against "the prideful spirit of 'free investigation.'" Another proximate cause was Father General Janssens, an ascetic and kindly Belgian who, for much of his term as "Black Pope," was too ill to handle the volume of clerical business that the Jesuit constitution demanded of him. Janssens, says one veteran German Jesuit, was "a noble spirit but not necessarily a great leader."

A Teacher, Quick. In the U.S., at least, inertia has been fostered by a crushing weight of institutional responsibility. In Loyola's time, the Jesuits were a mobile spiritual commando of shock troops, kept free of routine and organization to serve God and the Pope

We thought we'd done everything. Then we did Viña del Mar.



A funny thing happened to our third trip to Europe. A well-traveled lawyer friend talked us into doing South America instead.

"If you go in for old-world charm, you'll go head-over-heels for Viña del Mar," he said, thereby winning his case.

Three weeks later to the day, a Panagra Jet carried us away to Santiago. From there, a limousine zipped us to Viña del Mar.

Viña del Mar is a twentieth-century wonder, with carefully preserved castles, chalets and gardens, cloudless skies, Pacific surf and an unforgettable casino.

The casino looks like a national capitol—pure white, Greek-columned, and large enough for eight thousand people to place their bets all at once. And you can have dinner, a floor show and an all-night *boite*—all under one roof.

It makes for long nights and lazy days. And lazy you can be. Viña del Mar moves to the clip-clop pace of Victorian horse-drawn carriages. And, if you feel peppier, there's always golfing, boating and horse-racing.

Obviously, the last place to go after a week of such living is home. We didn't. And we trust you won't, either. Instead, head south to the magnificent Chilean-Argentine lake country, where

you can swim in the middle of January.

From there, you can take a boat ride through the lakes on the way to Buenos Aires (which is very much like Paris, except the streets are wider and the opera house larger).

And, after Buenos Aires, you can let Pan Am take you to Rio (where Bossa Nova is the real article), on up to Brasilia (the modern city carved out of a jungle), Caracas (South America's biggest boom town), and home—if you can tear yourself away.

Telling words from two airlines: Nobody knows South America like Panagra-Pan Am. We're the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. Our new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA • PAN AM

PAN AMERICAN • GRACE AIRWAYS PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS



There are 23 great, yellow West Indian limes in this bottle.

which should come as a surprise to those of you who thought all limes were green.

Surprise.

Limes grown in Dominica by Rose's aren't green. They're a hot tropical yellow. They're fatter than untropical limes. They have an exquisite tart-sweet taste. And

Rose's puts the juice of at least 23 of them in each large bottle. No wonder tropical drinks made with golden tropical lime juice are so dazzling. Like the Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, vodka or rum to one part Rose's. Pour into a tall glass with ice, add soda, stir.

Or the classic Rose's Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka, stir with ice, pour into a cocktail glass, or serve on the rocks.

Or the equally excellent Rose's Daiquiri: to two parts of light rum add

one part Rose's and a dash of sugar. Shake with cracked ice, strain into a cocktail glass.

The golden difference in them all is Rose's: the lime juice made from golden limes.

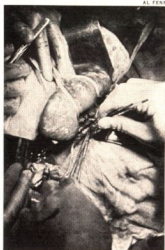
For golden cocktail hours.

MEDICINE

TRANSPLANTS

The Kidney & the Cancer

No one ever expected a doctor to have a good word to say about cancer, but this week a team of physicians and surgeons at Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center came as close to doing so as scientific caution would permit. A kidney transplanted from a cancer patient, it seems, may



KIDNEY BEING TRANSPLANTED
Hardly a promising candidate.

have a better chance of survival than one taken from a healthy donor.

Why this should be so, the doctors are not sure. It is known that patients with advanced cancer have little or no capacity for rejecting foreign tissue, and this makes it easier for them to accept transplants. Now the doctors suggest in the medical journal *Transplantation* that the converse may also be true: cancer victims' tissues, even from healthy parts of the body, may lack certain antigens involved in the rejection mechanism, making them an unexpectedly good source of transplants.

The almost accidental discovery was made after doctors at Memorial had all but given up hope for a patient dying of renal failure. The vaunted artificial kidney could no longer clear the poisons from his blood, and only a transplant offered any hope. But the only kidney available was far from promising. The donor had type A blood while the kidney patient had type O. Worse, the donor's kidney was infected and was about to be removed because it was draining improperly. It had already been physically damaged by obstruction resulting from cancer of the colon.

To make the operation even more ominous, the recipient had a number of severe congenital abnormalities. These had led to repeated urinary-tract infections, and caused in turn, congestive heart failure, high blood pressure, and

the formation of kidney stones. Now, on top of everything else, he had anemia and inflammation of the heart sac.

Surgeon Walter Lawrence Jr. made the transplant anyway. To the doctors' astonishment, there was no rejection process. Ten weeks after surgery, the 36-year-old man went back to work as a telephone operator. Sixteen months have now elapsed and he reports that he never felt better.

Although the fact that the unpromising transplant worked so well seems to be a result of the donor's cancer, the possibility remains that in this case the recipient had an inborn weakness of the rejection system. The doctors are now checking that possibility too. But they are fascinated by the idea that organs from cancer patients may be surprisingly suitable for transplants.

GYNECOLOGY

Longer-Lasting Contraception

Despite their convenience as contraceptives, "the pills" have their drawbacks, one of which is that a woman must be careful to take 20 or 21 tablets a month on a precise schedule. Now researchers have told the American Association of Planned Parenthood Physicians that they are making progress in the search for an equally effective contraceptive to be given by injection no more often than once a month.

Trade-named Deladroxate by E.R. Squibb & Sons, the experimental drug is a combination of female hormones, essentially the same as in the familiar pills. Two doctors reported that the injections appear to be 100% effective in suppressing ovulation. About 500 women are now getting the birth-control shots, and Squibb is planning a test to include up to 5,000 women.

While most women in the U.S. dislike the needle, some prefer it, and more do so in other countries. But for home use, Squibb hopes eventually to bring out a one-pill-a-month form.

NARCOTICS

Mom Is the Villain

Determined to discover why they were having so little success helping young drug addicts to kick the habit, Social Worker Herbert Barish and Presbyterian Minister Edward Brown began playing detective on the streets of Manhattan's Lower East Side. After 18 months, they are satisfied that they have found the villain: she is that pillar of American culture known to every American boy as Mom.

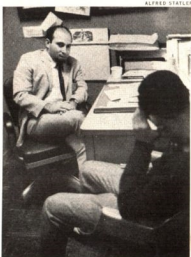
An Epidemic. Barish and Brown got onto Mom's trail because the tranquilizers being handed out at Brown's East Side Narcotics Center were not helping addicts to fight the seething anxieties of withdrawal. The two men soon learned that the once potent medicine had not

suddenly gone sour; the addicts' mothers were either not giving their boys enough of the tranquilizers or were flushing the pills right down the toilet.

After that, the clergyman and the social worker collected evidence that suggested an epidemic of momism in lower Manhattan. They found one mother who kept her son on the needle (and tied to her apron strings) by developing ear infections so that she needed him for a nurse whenever he made plans to hospitalize himself. Another woman bailed her boy out of jail while he was waiting to enter a hospital for addicts because she could not bear to have him wash his own underwear. Some mothers even encouraged their sons' habits by giving them \$5 for a \$1.50 haircut, or \$15 for a \$5 shirt, knowing that the money would go for a fix.

A Tough Campaigner. What motivated the women to be so destructive? Most of them, said Social Worker Barish, fitted a neurotic pattern. They were "suffering, protective and interfering." Usually their husbands had left them, and so great was their need for their sons' love that they managed to ignore the boys' addiction to heroin. "The mother," explained Clergyman Brown, "has a vested interest in perpetuating the addiction, as it gratifies her need for a dependent son."

All this suggests that narcotics workers are face-to-face with a second monkey on the addict's back. Sorrowfully, Brown admits to being stumped on the problem of prying Mom loose. He tried group therapy to get the mothers interested in their sons' problems, admits it was "a disaster—all they did was feel sorry for themselves." Now he is campaigning to have the sons leave home, but he finds Mom just as tough a campaigner. A few weeks ago, one mother searched through more than 50 rooming houses on Manhattan's 14th Street until she turned up her addict-son and talked him into coming home with her.



SOCIAL WORKER BARISH
Hardly a help against the habit.

MUSIC

ROCK 'N' ROLL

The Sound of the Sixties

(See Cover)

You take some music, hot beats, drumbeats,

Finger poppin' and stompin' feet . . .

It's got this whole wide land.

Rock 'n' roll forever will stand,

Singin' deep in the heart of man.

—*It Will Stand* by the Showmen

The Trashmen. The Kinks. Goldie and the Gingerbreads. The Ripchords. Bent Fabric. Reparata and the Delrons. Barry and the Remains. The Pretty Things. The Emotions. The Detergents. Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs. The Guess Who's. Cannibal and the Headhunters. Them. The Orlons. The Liverbirds. Wump and the Werbles. Like something out of *Malice in Wonderland*, the hordes of shaggy rock 'n' roll singers thump across the land, whanging their electric guitars. Bizarre as they may be, they are the anointed purveyors of the big beat and, as never before, people are listening—all kinds of people.

For the past ten years, social commentators, with more hope than insight, have been predicting that rock would roll over and die the day after tomorrow. Yet it is still very much here, front, center, and belting out from extra speakers on the unguarded flank. Many cannot take rock 'n' roll, but no one can leave it. The big beat is everywhere. It resounds over TV and radio, in saloons and soda shops, fraternity houses and dance halls. It has become, in fact, the international anthem of a new and restless generation, the pulse beat for new modes of dress, dance, language, art and morality. The sledgehammer refrains of Wayne Fontana and the Mind Benders' *Um, Um, Um, Um, Um, Um* can be heard parting the walls of a Yokohama teahouse, a recreation room in Topeka, or a Communist youth club in Warsaw. For better or worse, like it or loathe it, rock 'n' roll is the sound of the Sixties.

Nothing Sacred. The big boost for big-beat music has come, amazingly enough, from the adult world. Where knock-the-rock was once the conditioned reflex of the older generation ("Would you want your daughter to marry a Rolling Stone?"), a surprisingly large segment of 20-to-40-year-olds are now facing up to the music and, what is more, liking it. Mostly, the appeal is its relentless beat. It is perhaps the most kinetic sound since the tom-tom or the jungle drum. It may seem monotonous to the musicologist, too loud to the sensitive, but it is utterly compelling to the feet.

The result is that rock 'n' roll has set the whole world dancing. Its shrine is the discotheque, a place of sustained noise, smoky ambience, and the generally disheveled informality that rock 'n' roll inspires. In a discotheque, it's

all records and loudspeakers—since the beat is the thing, who cares about the subtleties of a trumpet solo, even by Miles Davis?

In the past year, some 5,000 discotheques have cropped up in the U.S., and their patrons are not all Coke drinkers in chinos and stretch pants. Starting from Paris' famed Whisky à Go-Go, discotheques by more or less the same name have opened in Milwaukee, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Atlanta and Los Angeles. In addition, there is the A-Go-Go in Aspen, Colo., the Bucket A-Go-Go in Park City, Utah, the Frisky A-Go-Go in San Antonio, the Champagne A-Go-Go in Madison, Wis., and the Blu-Note A-Go-Go in Whitesboro, N.Y. And everywhere the couples go-going on the dance floor are like, well, old. Moans one teen-ager: "Nothing is sacred any more. I mean, we no sooner develop a new dance or something and our parents are doing it."

Manhattan now boasts 21 discotheques, where such luminaries as Rudolf Nureyev, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Truman Capote, Baby Jane Holzer, Sammy Davis Jr., ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia, Carol Channing, Peter Lawford, Tennessee Williams and Oleg Cassini mix it up with the hip twitters, both New York Senators—Jacob Javits and his wife Marion ("My husband and I just love to frug"), and Bobby Kennedy and Ethel ("I can't believe all that action on such a small floor")—make the discotheque scene. Jackie Kennedy, on her occasional visits to El Mio, does a sedate version of the frug. Adlai Stevenson, the Maharani of Baroda, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have not progressed much beyond the twist, but Walter Cronkite's variations on the frug are a wonder to behold.

Wiggliest Kick. No debutante cotillion or country-club dance is complete these days without a heavy dose of rock 'n' roll. At a charity ball on the roof of the St. Regis Hotel, some of Manhattan's highest society wiggled around the dance floor doing the mule, flapping their hands like mules' ears to the thudding beat of Lester Lanin's orchestra. "It's good for your health," says Lanin, who beeps up his society band with a rock 'n' roll trio called the Rocking Chairs.

On campus, where it once was squaresville to flip for the rock scene, it now is the wiggliest of kicks. Brenda Lee, 20, a tot-sized (4 ft. 11 in., plus five inches of hair) rockette who developed her belting delivery as a high-school cheerleader, outranks Folk Singer Joan Baez and jazz's Ella Fitzgerald on the college popularity polls. "Rock really turns everybody on," says one Princeton senior.

Swinging World. Scholarly articles probe the relationship between the Beatles and the *nouvelle vague* films of



THE FRUG IN CHICAGO



THE JERK IN LOS ANGELES



THE MONKEY IN ATLANTA
Who can sit still?

Jean-Luc Godard, discuss "the *brío* and elegance" of Dionne Warwick's singing style as a "pleasurable but complex" event to be "experienced without condescension." In chic circles, anyone damning rock 'n' roll is labeled not only square but uncultured. For inspirational purposes, such hip artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Larry Rivers and Andy Warhol occasionally paint while listening to rock 'n' roll music. Explains Warhol: "It makes me mindless, and I paint better." After gallery openings in Manhattan, the black-tie gatherings often adjourn to a discotheque.

Even evangelists have adapted to the new beat. A group of Episcopal students from the University of Maryland, armed with electric guitars and bongo drums, have been celebrating with great success a big-beat "rejoice" Mass at several churches in the Washington-Maryland area, including a service that President Johnson and Lady Bird attended. In London, the Salvation Army has formed a rock 'n' roll street-corner group called the Joy Strings, whose repertoire includes such numbers as *We're Going to Set the World A-Swinging*. "Our square approach," explains Drummer Captain Joy Webb, "wasn't getting us anywhere."

Rocked Curtain. The rock 'n' roll beat has proved to be more than the Iron Curtain can resist. All over Bulgaria, Beatle-like mushroom haircuts are sprouting faster than the crops—so much so that the government has plastered the countryside with posters ridiculing the hairy youth for their capitalistic degeneracy. They know better in Poland. When a correspondent for the daily *Zycie Warszawy* wrote contemptuously of Beatlemania two years ago, so many indignant letters poured in that the paper finally had to publicly disassociate itself from the reporter's views. Now Poland is overrun with rock 'n' roll bands, and hundreds more are playing in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, among them, Bratislava's Beatmen and Prague's Hell Devils. Though the "disgusting dynamism" of big-beat music is officially deprecated in the U.S.S.R., a rock 'n' roll group from Jaroslavl is accompanied by an army of finger-snapping fans whenever it goes on tour.

The sudden public acceptance of rock 'n' roll by so many people who supposedly should know better came as no surprise to the record and radio industries. Their surveys have long shown the existence of a vast underground of adult rock 'n' roll fans, including those who were raised on Elvis Presley and, though too embarrassed to admit it, never outgrew their hound-dog tastes. Today more than 40% of the "teen beat" records sold in the U.S. are bought by persons over 20. When a Manhattan rock 'n' roll disk jockey solicited votes for a "rate the record" feature one recent school-day morning, the station was deluged with 18,000 phone calls, all but a few from housewives. The same feature, aired during prime teen-age listen-

ing times, never drew more than 12,000 calls. With a seismographic eye on their markets, many of the sponsors for rock 'n' roll radio and TV shows are such Mom-oriented products as detergents, baby lotions and dishwashers.

Out of Misery. The origins of rock 'n' roll go deep—Deep South, U.S.A. There, in the 1930s, in the fields and shanties of the delta country, evolved an earthy, hard-driving style of music called "rhythm and blues"—played by Negroes for Negroes. Cured in misery, it was a lonesome, soul-sad music, full of cries and gospel wails, punctuated by a heavy, regular beat. With the migration to the industrial North after World War II, the beat was intensified with electric guitars, bass and drums, and the great blues merchants, like Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley, John Lee Hooker and Chuck Berry, made their first recordings.

One of the first white disk jockeys to

venile delinquency. Pablo Casals condemned rock 'n' roll as "poison put to sound." Frank Sinatra called it a "rancid-smelling aphrodisiac," and Samuel Cardinal Stritch labeled it "tribal rhythms."

Then, in 1959, the payola scandal struck. Freed was indicted for accepting \$30,000 in bribes from six record companies for pushing their releases. Rock 'n' roll faltered; record sales fell off 30%. Crooned Bing Crosby: "My kind of music is coming back."

But it didn't. Instead, rock 'n' roll did. Rejuvenation came in 1960 on the wings of a king-sized twister named Chubby Checker. A onetime Philadelphia chicken plucker, Chubby threw his tubby hips into high gear, and issued an invitation: "C'mon, baby, let's do the twist!"

From Noise to Style. The twist did not seem like much of an invention at the time. The participant merely planted



ELVIS PRESLEY (1956)



ALAN FREED



CHUBBY CHECKER

From a forgotten twist, a persistent beat.

play these "race records," as they were known in the industry, was Cleveland's Alan Freed, a flamboyant, rapid-fire pitchman who sang along with the records, slamming his hand down on a telephone book to accentuate each beat. Borrowing a phrase used in several rhythm-and-blues songs, Freed christened the music "rock 'n' roll." Gradually, the big beat began to take hold.

Then, in the fall of 1956, came Elvis Presley with his flapping hair, three-inch sideburns, and gyrating hips. "Ah waha-hunt yew-hoo, Ah nee-hee-heed yew-hoo," he sang, and millions of teenagers flipped.

"C'mon, Baby." There was obviously something visceral about Elvis and his music. Because soon there were riots in Hartford, Atlanta, and San Jose, Calif. Theaters were demolished in London and São Paulo, Brazil. Sociologists began to view the phenomenon with alarm. Studies showing that Elvis fans had a below-C average were circulated. A Senate subcommittee started to investigate the link between rock 'n' roll and ju-

his feet opposite his partner, started churning his arms as if shadowboxing, while rotating his hips like a girl trying to wriggle out of a tight girdle. But it transformed rock 'n' roll from a noise on the transistor radio into a teen-age style. For the first time since the decline of the jitterbug, teen-agers had a new dance, and soon, at Manhattan's Peppermint Lounge, the famous and near famous discovered its uninhibited joys. Fashion reacted dexterously. To provide freedom of motion, dress designers shortened skirts and loosened waists to turn out what soon came to be known as the discotheque dress. Nobody, but nobody, went to a mere nightclub any more.

Even then, rock 'n' roll was still dismissable among the sophisticates as a curiously persistent fad. But then came the British. U.S. parents had weathered Pat Boone's white-bucks period, the histrionics of Johnnie Ray, and the off-key mewings of Fabian, but this was something else again—four outrageous Beatles in high-heeled boots, under-

sized suits and enough hair between them to stuff a sofa. When they appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in February 1964, 68 million people, one of the largest TV audiences in history, tuned in to see what all the ruckus was about.

What they saw was four young chaps having a jolly good bash. In the avalanche of publicity that followed, the Beatles emerged as refreshingly relaxed, if not downright lovable, personalities. Their disarming humor (Reporter: "Why do you wear so many rings on your fingers?" Ringo: "Because I can't get them all through my nose") melted adult resistance.

Back to Fun. There are dozens of rock 'n' roll groups in the U.S., most of them Negro, who can sing better and play better than the Beatles. But somewhere between the "ya da da da da da" of *Sh-Boom* and the whine of *Hound Dog*, U.S. rock 'n' roll groups became mired in lamenting lost love and other ailments of the heart. By refusing to take themselves seriously, the Beatles made rock 'n' roll fun again.

The Beatles also made it all right to be white. As French Critic Frank Tenot notes: "Since the downfall of the Viennese waltz, nothing in popular music, and particularly dance, has known any success unless associated with one or another of the rhythmic discoveries of the Negro." Beatle music (known as "the Mersey sound") and even Beatle accents are actually Anglicized imitations of Negro rhythm and blues once removed. Says Beatle John Lennon: "We can sing more colored than the Africans."

The Brown Sound. Among the many white rock 'n' roll singers attempting a pure "brown sound" today, the most successful are the Righteous Brothers and the Rolling Stones. The Righteous Brothers, a Mutt-and-Jeff pair of 24-year-old Californians, are referred to by Negro disc jockeys as "our blue-eyed soul brothers" for the spiraling gospel wail and hoarse growl they inject into songs like their bestselling *Just Once in My Life*. Their name, in fact, is derived from the Sunday-go-to-meetin' phrase: "Man, that was really righteous, brothers."

To distinguish themselves from the Beatles, Britain's Rolling Stones have attempted to assume the image of Angry Young Men. "The Stones," their manager proudly explains, "are the group that parents love to hate." They sing Mersey-Mississippi rhythm and blues, backed by a quavering guitar and a chugging harmonica that smacks of cotton-pickin' time down South. With a kind of goggle-eyed conviction, Lead

Singer Mick Jagger intones such earthy lyrics as:

Well, I'm a king bee, buzzing 'round your hive . . .

Yeah, I can make honey, baby, let me come inside.

Yeah, I can buzz better, baby, when your man is gone.

At concerts, the Stones' fans greet their heroes by suggestively wiggling two fingers in the air. Their appeal, one 16-year-old girl frankly admits, "is sex—but don't print that; my mother would hit me."

Now Motown. The best brown sound is, of course, that sung by Negroes. Last year 42 of the bestselling rock 'n' roll songs were produced by one man:



THE BEATLES IN LONDON
Suddenly, it was all happy.

Berry Gordy Jr., 35, who as head of Detroit's Motown Records, employs some 175 Negro artists. A former auto assembly-line worker, Gordy operates out of three adjoining shingle houses which bear the proud banner *HITSVILLE, U.S.A.* Beginning with a \$700 loan six years ago, Gordy has built Motown into the nation's largest independent producer of 45-rpm records (1964 sales: 12 million records). Next to the Mersey sound, the "Motown sound" currently dominates the rock 'n' roll market. It is a swingy city blues sound, propelled by a driving beat, tambourines, violins (from the Detroit Symphony), hand clapping and an ever-present "Oh yeah, oh yeah" refrain from the chorus.

The prize fillies in Gordy's stable are the Supremes, three girls who grew up together in Detroit's squalid Brewster Housing Project. With four consecutive No. 1 records, they are the reigning female rock 'n' roll group, followed by Motown's Martha and the Vandellas. Diana Ross, 21, the Supremes' lead singer, is greatly envied for the torchy,

come-hither purr in her voice. Her secret: "I sing through my nose."

Splash in Surf. Distinct from the brown-sound school are the Beach Boys from California: "We're not colored; we're white. And we sing white." They made their big splash with the "surf sound"—clean, breezy orchestration, a jerky, staccato beat and a high, falsetto quaver reminiscent of the Four Freshmen. The Beach Boys' tenor harmony goes so high that it sounds almost feminine, a fact that has all but locked out girl singers from the scores of surf groups performing on the West Coast. Beach Boys' songs, says Jack Good, producer of the rock 'n' roll TV show *Shindig*, "almost sound as if they were sung by eunuchs in the Sistine Chapel."

With hits like *Surfer* and *Hang Ten* (toes over the edge of the surf board), the Beach Boys—three brothers, a cousin and a neighbor—have sold more than 12 million records, grossed as much as \$25,000 for one concert in Sacramento. They write their own songs, following one rule of thumb: "We picture the U.S. as one great big California."

Part of the subculture of the surf sound is the hot-rodders' hit parade. Poaching off their own sandy preserve, the Beach Boys started with *Shut Down*, a classic of pit-stop poetry:

To get the traction, I'm a-ridin' the clutch . . .

Pedal's to the floor, hear his dual-quads drink . . .

He's hot with ram induction, but it's understood.

I got a fuel-injected engine sitting under my hood.

Extrapolating the style, Jan and Dean (the "Father of Falsetto"), deliberately mix the sounds of surf and drag races into their records until the ear strains to grasp the lyrics. Explains Jan: "If the kids can hear the words, they'll turn their radio down. We want them to turn it up. It sort of relieves a kid's anxieties if he can drown out his parents."

Jan and Dean have endured, at least until next week, which is unique in a market where one-hit-and-forever-miss performances are the rule rather than the exception. Eva Boyd is typical. A few years ago, Eva was a 17-year-old maid working for a husband-and-wife songwriting team. On a dare, she recorded one of their songs, *The Loco-Motion*. It sold more than 1,000,000 copies, and Little Eva, as she was billed, picked up \$30,000 and has not been heard from since.

Also Dropouts. Last week the man of the moment was Herman, 16, of Herman's Hermits. An engaging high school dropout who looks like a toy sheep dog, Herman (real name: Peter Noone) smiles a lot, claps his hands over his head, and sticks his finger in his mouth when he sings. His *Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter*, rendered in a heavy English Midlands accent, was the No. 1 bestseller last week. Right behind it was *Count Me In*

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Outstanding—and they are mild!



Product of The American Tobacco Company, N.Y.C.

by Gary Lewis and the Playboys. Gary is Comedian Jerry Lewis' son. Unfortunately, he favors an overdose of echo-chamber effect, which makes him sound as if he had his head inside a fishbowl.

Rock 'n' roll lyrics have lately taken on urban socioeconomic themes. In the Crystals' *Uptown*, downtown is a place where a man "don't get no breaks" and "everybody's his boss, and he's lost in an angry land." But to hear Petula Clark on the subject, *Downtown* is an island of promise:

Just listen to the music of the traffic in the city . . .

How can you lose? The lights are much brighter there.

You can forget all your troubles, forget all your cares.

So go Downtown.

For his part, Chuck Berry is going

the big apple. If it bumps and wiggles, that's the frug (pronounced froog). The rest are all charades. The dog, for example, is a slow-motion jerk (known in less erudite circles as the bump and grind), which is a slow-motion frug. Add a backstroke arm motion to the frug and you have the swim; add a tree-climbing motion and you have the monkey. Stick your thumbs in your ears and it's the mouse or the mule; up in the air, and it's the hitchhiker—and so on for the woodpecker, Cleopatra, Popeye, Harry James, Frankenstein, etc.

But the names, the gestures, are meaningless pressagentry. All you really have to do is shake your hips a little and then, as Sybil Burton puts it, "dance to suit yourself." Dancing to rock 'n' roll has become such a private reverie, in fact, that a partner, except in deference

big-beat dancing have some psychiatrists worried. Says one: "It's sick sex turned into a spectator sport." The voyeur aspects are considerable. *Hollywood A-Go-Go*, one of the six nationally aired rock 'n' roll TV shows (including ABC's *Shindig* and NBC's *Hullabaloo*) that have debuted in the past year, features a line of young nubile blondes whose dancing would bring a blush to the cheeks of a burlesque stripper.

Healthy Outlet. Most sociologists, who take this sort of thing seriously, agree that the sensuality of rock 'n' roll is "safe sex." One cynical college observer has concluded that girls "who don't" dance more vigorously than girls "who do." "These dances," says Harvard Psychiatrist Philip Solomon, "are outlets for restlessness, for unexpressed and sublimated sex desires. This is quite healthy."

Many teen-agers consider all the orgiastic screaming as "uncool." The idols themselves have noted that the frantic fans who storm the stages are predominantly homely girls. Says Jeanne Katzenberg, a pretty 16-year-old: "Nobody in my group has crushes on the singers or anything. We all have real boy friends."

Reluctant Seal. Rock 'n' roll still does not exactly have the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval. But even the most recalcitrant of parents now say: "Well, some of it's okay . . ." Some of it, in fact, is very good, far better than the adenoial lamentations of a few years ago. Some of it is still awful, as might be expected in an industry that grinds out more than 300 new records each week. But for the first time rock 'n' roll can boast a host of singers who can actually sing. The music, once limited to four chords, is now more sophisticated, replete with counter-rhythms, advanced harmonies, and multivoiced choirs. Rock recordings, says Jazz Critic Ralph Gleason, "are a lot more interesting than the average jazz release." Conductor Leonard Bernstein likes the Beatles and does not hesitate to admit it: "They are very intelligent, and they have made songs which are really worthwhile. *Love Me Do* is really stirring and very reminiscent in some ways of Hindu music."

Above all, rock 'n' roll today is lively, youthful, aggressive, often funny, seldom heartsick. The lyrics, showing the influence of folk music, are fresher and more intelligible. Coming the other way, the folk types are beginning to feel the beat. Drums and electric guitars, long scorned by folkniks as decadent commercialism, are now featured on the latest album by Bob Dylan, folkdom's crown prince.

Meanwhile, as expressed in the folk-rock song *Walk Right In*, the invitation to join in the big beat is there for the accepting—with a slight qualifier:

*Walk right in, sit right down.
Baby, let your hair hang down.
Everybody's talkin' 'bout a new way
of walkin'.*

Do you want to lose your mind?



NBC's HULLABALOO
All this, and adults too.

neither uptown nor downtown, just slightly commercial, and doing well at it. One of the great slowdown blues singers, Berry, 38, now is talking "teen feel," as in his *No Particular Place to Go*:

The night was young and the moon gold . . .

*Can you imagine the way I felt?
I couldn't unfasten her safety belt.*

After serving time for armed robbery and escorting a 14-year-old Apache girl across a state line for "immoral purposes," Berry was recently granted a reprieve by his parole board in St. Louis and is now one of the most popular singers on the rock 'n' roll circuit. Chubby Checker is back pushing a new dance called the Freddie, a kind of side-straddle-hop routine.

Glozed Reverie. The Freddie is the latest of scores of new dances that have spun off the twist. The pelvis is crucial. If it swings from side to side, that's the twist, and the twist is now as dead as

to custom, is not necessary. And that is its great attraction. Since couples neither touch nor even look at each other, all the shyness some men and women have about dancing—clammy hands, missing a beat, stepping on feet, etc.—is removed and, as one club owner says, "Everybody goes off into their own narcissistic bag."

The result is some of the most wildly creative dancing ever seen by modern or primitive man. In a discotheque, where the sound is so loud that conversation is impossible, the hypnotic beat works a strange magic. Many dancers become literally transported. They drift away from their partners; inhibitions flake away, eyes glaze over, until suddenly they are seemingly swimming alone in a sea of sound. Says Sheila Wilson, 18, a student at Vassar: "I give everything that is in me. And when I get going, I'm gone. It's the only time I feel whole."

The highly sensual implications of

A low-priced computer is not necessarily a low-cost computer.

Dollar for dollar, SYSTEM/360 is competitive, but it's the depth and intensity of IBM *service* that makes it a better buy.

Service determines the true cost of your data processing system.

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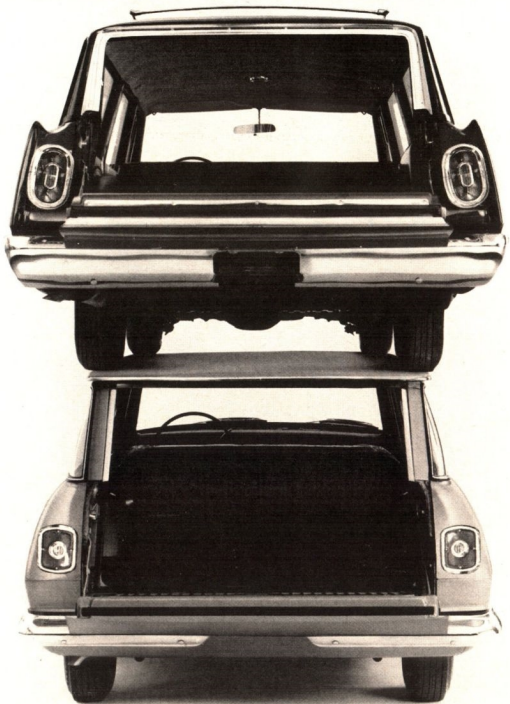
chairman of your board to key-punch operators.

And our Customer Engineers are on call day or night to keep your system running smoothly.

Sure, as a manager you must look at dollars... and "total value appraisal" sounds like a fancy seminar title. But, can so many IBM customers be wrong about the dollar value of IBM service?

SYSTEM/360—The Computer with a Future.

IBM



170 cubic feet of station wagon.

This picture may look a little odd. But so are most conventional station wagons when you consider how little they hold.

The two above only average about 85 cubic feet each.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon holds twice that: 170.

And even if you did put two conventional wagons together you still couldn't carry the kind of things you can in a Volkswagen.

It has a 14-square-foot hole in the roof for sticking tall things out of. And five big doors for sticking things into.

On the inside, the VW has seats for 9 people and room for 28 cubic



170 cubic feet of station wagon.

feet of luggage.

(Not "or" 28 cubic feet.)

But on the outside, it's only 9 inches longer than the VW Sedan.

You can park it like a sports car.

And everywhere you go, the

VW engine is right behind you.

It goes over 20 miles on a gallon of regular gas. And you never have to pay for antifreeze, flushings, or radiator repair.

There isn't any radiator.

And you can safely expect 15,000 extra miles on your tires. (Ours average 35,000 miles.)

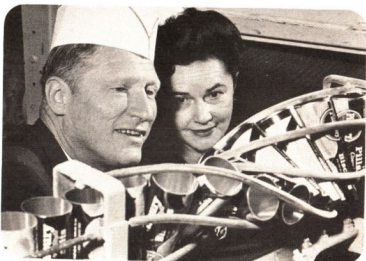
When you think about it, the VW Station Wagon not only holds a pile, it can also save you one.



Springfield, Illinois. Don Faro (left), Employers Mutuals National Accounts Representative and Ray J. Kerber, Pillsbury Consumer Division Safety Director, select safety posters. Mr. Kerber is known nationally for his studies in costing of accidents.



Minneapolis, Minnesota. As a new idea comes from the oven in one of Pillsbury's product development kitchens, Employers Mutuals Representative "Lindy" Williams (left) and Douglas L. Hall, Director of Corporate Insurance for The Pillsbury Company, anticipate during tour of Company's headquarters.



Los Angeles, California. Virginia Daly, Industrial Relations Representative for The Pillsbury Company and Michael Tillisch, Employers Mutuals Claims Manager, meet regularly to review claims handling procedures. As a result, settlements are reached quickly and efficiently with appreciation of both policyholder and claimant. Here they watch packages lining up to be filled with Pillsbury's refrigerated biscuits.

Wausau Story

Employers Mutuals steps to the lively pace of The Pillsbury Company

The Pillsbury Company's policy of continuous innovation is amply evidenced by the number of its new products in the grocery stores. The new procedures of manufacture and packaging necessary to this policy

call for constant, close analysis to keep insurance coverages and safety recommendations up to date.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau is uniquely prepared to provide for these needs. In addition to 177 strategically placed offices across the nation, specialists in national accounts coordinate services in widespread operations and keep local and corporate managements regularly advised.

Call on Employers Mutuals of

Wausau—a company of the size and experience to meet all of your business insurance requirements. You'll find us in the Yellow Pages.



Employers Mutuals of Wausau

177 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people to do business with"

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Keeping a Delicate Balance

"This month—May 1965—marks the beginning of a new era in the economic annals of the U.S."

With these provocative opening words, the Council of Economic Advisers last week sent to the President a terse, 15-page report that hymned the progress of the economy as it proceeds through the 51st month of an expansion that began in February 1961. "Never before in our peacetime history," said the report, "has our economy expanded continuously for more than 50 months." Not only that, added the council, but "there is every reason to expect a great many more months of good economic expansion. So far, we see none of the traditional signs that have marked the beginning of the end of prosperity."

The council naturally gave much of the credit for continued prosperity to "constructive government policies," but it bore down heavily on a factor that has been a largely unsung hero of the expansion: the remarkable price stability of the last four years, which the council called "basic to the success of this expansion." Wholesale prices have remained virtually stable for 50 months, and the prices of industrial goods have remained within 1% of 1961 levels. Consumer prices have risen by about 1.2% a year, but that pace is so modest that a consumer now pays \$109 for goods that cost him \$104.20 in 1961.

No Alarm. Since inflation frequently brings on a recession, Government officials and economists have been worrying about an inflationary onslaught for many months. Now they are more sanguine about the possibilities of preventing it. One reason is their conviction that the steel negotiations will result in a noninflationary wage settlement—of about 3%—and that the steel industry will therefore not put any general price hike into effect. "I do not expect inflationary pressures to develop," said Commerce Secretary John T. Connor last week. "I do expect that stable prices will sustain a broad and orderly expansion." William McChesney Martin Jr., chair-

man of the Federal Reserve Board, has privately retreated from his feeling earlier this year that the U.S. was "on the thin edge" of price inflation.

The considerable stability of prices does not, however, mean that some prices have not risen enough to be felt—or fallen enough to be appreciated. The prices of industrial raw materials, often forerunners of more general price movements, have climbed 14% in a year. Tin and zinc prices have been edging up, and a worldwide jump in copper prices two weeks ago brought immediate markups in copper and brass products; last week aluminum producers lifted prices on a broad range of products. Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler believes that if this trend accelerates "we may have some problems," but that so far it is "not a cause for alarm."

Cheaper TV. Though such higher prices may irk businessmen, the important fact is that they have not been passed on. Rising productivity that cuts costs, excess manufacturing capacity (now disappearing) and old-fashioned competition for markets have combined to keep the surge in prices of materials from spreading. In addition, the threat of losing markets to foreign imports and the increasing availability of substitute materials have kept a firm lid on certain crucial industrial prices. The average prices of finished steel are close to their 1959 levels, and the prices of some building materials have recently dipped.

Consumer prices have risen 4.6% in four years largely as the result of major increases in state and local taxes and in the cost of items (such as medical care) that require large amounts of labor. The increases, however, are balanced by quite a few decreases. Though food costs 1% more than it did a year ago, the prices of milk, oranges, sugar and hamburger are all lower. In the past year, the price of housing has risen 1%, public transportation 2.5%, medical care 2.3%, services 4.2%, and clothing nearly 1%; conversely, the consumer is paying 1.3% less than a year ago for appliances, 1% less for new autos and .4% less for furniture. To-



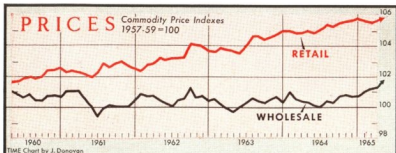
LOS ANGELES SHOPPER SHOPPING
A remarkable unsung hero.

day's consumers can buy such mainline items as washing machines, vacuum cleaners, kitchen ranges, garbage disposers, tape recorders, radios and black-and-white TV sets for less than a year ago.

\$4 Billion Cut. The Administration's broadened plans to ask Congress for a major reduction in excise taxes will also lower prices for hundreds of consumer goods. Last week President Johnson announced that he will send to Congress a recommendation to cut excise taxes by roughly \$4 billion over the next five years, beginning with a cut of about half that amount on July 1. Among the taxes to be cut or eliminated: those on luggage, toiletries, jewelry, furs, sporting goods, radios, TV sets, musical instruments, cameras and film, refrigerators and freezers.

To prevent postponed purchases on major items now in heavy demand, the Administration asked for excise-tax cuts on autos and air conditioners to be retroactive to last week. The excise cut, which was more than double the amount Johnson recommended in January, was made "possible and desirable," said the President, because tax revenues in both fiscal 1965 and 1966 are expected to be \$1.5 billion higher than predicted, and because the economy can absorb the added stimulus without endangering price stability.

Prices are in delicate balance right now, and the Administration is determined to make use of its widespread economic powers to see that the balance is maintained. The crucial period for a possible change in the price situation, say most economists, will be the next three or four months.





A. & P.'s JAY
On the way to a good job?

RETAILING

Weak Tea

The U.S. grocery bill last year rose to a record \$80 billion, and the big super-market chains walked away with 45% of the total. Safeway Stores, the second biggest U.S. chain, increased its sales 6.3%, and third-ranking Kroger Co. made a 10.7% gain. Last week the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., the biggest and oldest (106 years) of them all, rang in with a report that sounded slightly sour amid all those sweet cash-register tunes. A. & P.'s 1964 sales of \$5.08 billion represented a slight decrease, and its earnings dropped 10% to \$52 million. The chain, which last year lost its proud title of the world's biggest merchandiser to aggressive Sears, Roebuck & Co., is clearly still stuck on the sales plateau where it has languished for six years.

No one is more sensitive to A. & P.'s predicament than cigar-smoking President Byron Jay, 60, a 38-year A. & P. veteran who took over as chief executive only two months ago to face the continued bad news. "Not what I hoped for, but about what I expected," said Jay, who as top man in A. & P.'s committee-type management oversees 4,585 stores in 39 states. "I'm not going to present a flock of alibis. I will say that we are on the way to a good job."

Mistake in the West. The way is pitted with potholes. The "Tea Company," as old employees call it, has long been slowed by aging management. The two chiefs before Jay were 67 and 68 when they took over; Chairman John D. Ehrigott is 69. The company was noticeably lax in meeting strong postwar competition and following the shift to the suburbs. Although it has opened 1,184 new stores in the past four years (almost all A. & P. stores are leased, a fiscal tradition that costs \$85 million in rents each year), it is continually forced to close or renovate old ones.

Renovation, financed out of a com-

fortable \$114 million cash reserve, has kept A. & P. from moving in force from the over-stored East to the lucrative West. Says Chairman Robert A. Magowan of Safeway, which is concentrated in the West: "I doubt that A. & P. will come West in any force until it has shored up some of its weak spots. And then I still doubt it." Admits Jay: "We may have made a mistake in the West." Another mistake was A. & P.'s disastrous involvement with trading stamps, which not only failed to halt a slide in its share of the market, but forced it to cover stamp expenses with a price rise that hurt its reputation as a price leader.

Inviting Complaints. Because acquisitions of other chains by giant A. & P. would undoubtedly meet Justice Department opposition, Jay must improve earnings (1.03% of A. & P.'s sales) through lower costs and higher sales. The company is closing small warehouses and plants, replacing them with regional superplants. At Horseheads, N.Y., it is completing a \$25 million, 35-acre center, the biggest yet, that will both pack the private brands that represent 11% of A. & P.'s shelf items and make cans and containers for them as well. Jay has also undertaken a chain-wide courtesy campaign, faithfully answers every letter of complaint that comes to him—and invites more.

ANNUAL MEETINGS

Into Orbit & Out of Order

In putting up Early Bird, Comsat performed one of the greatest feats in communications history. Last week it performed another feat that sent sighs of envy welling through corporate officers everywhere. One of the most persistent corporate hecklers was bodily expelled from Comsat's annual meeting by husky Pinkerton guards.



PINKERTON MAN EJECTING STOCKHOLDER SOSS
On the way out the door.

Conspicuous among the 1,400 shareholders at the company's second annual meeting in Washington's Shoreham Hotel were two familiar chairman baiters: Mrs. Wilma Soss and Lewis D. Gilbert. As soon as Chairman Leo D. Welch called for order, Mrs. Soss was on her feet demanding to know if a proper notice of the meeting had been mailed. Welch ruled the question out of order, and a shouting match began. Finally, Welch did what many a corporate chairman has long felt like doing: he ordered Gilbert and Mrs. Soss to leave the meeting. Gilbert left with a push, but a Pinkerton guard had to carry Wilma out. Having a grand time in the limelight, where all could see her two-piece "Early Bird outfit" of an off-white tunic and matching knee breeches, she kicked her high boots in the air, waved her straw "space hat" at the crowd. Screaming "A. T. & T. sm," she threatened: "I'm going to sue the corporation." As she disappeared, the crowd cheered.

After half an hour, Gilbert and Mrs. Soss were readmitted, not the least contrite. Characteristically, Mrs. Soss demanded to know how much it had cost the company to have her thrown out. The company, Welch explained, was paying \$2.25 an hour for each of the ten Pinkertons. Added Welch blandly: "It's a good arrangement."

FOOD

A Goulash in the Making

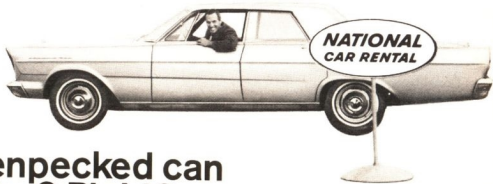
For the traveling U.S. businessman who looks to Manhattan for culinary cachet, perhaps no group of restaurants has created more interest than Restaurant Associates. Its 19 restaurants—from the tree-decked Four Seasons to the Lucullan Forum of the Twelve Caesars, from the Italianesque Mamma Leone's to the open-all-night Brasserie



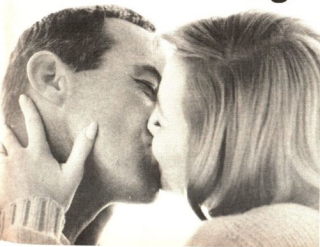
**Bill Rogers' wife
is as hard as nails.**

**She makes her
husband rent
cars from
National to get
S&H Green Stamps.**

He does.



**How henpecked can
a man be? Right?**



Bill Rogers likes us because we're compulsive about time. So is he. And National never keeps him waiting. Off he goes in a silent new Ford or other fine car, happy as a clam. How else do you hold customers except by being on the ball? Well, we do have one other way that no one else has. We give S&H Green Stamps at absolutely no extra cost.

**Rent from National and get S&H Green Stamps.
That's not being henpecked. That's being smart.**

National Car Rental

In Canada, it's TILDEN RENT-A-CAR. All major credit cards honored, even Hertz and Avis.

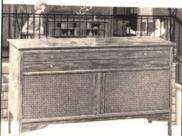
Arvin

the
most
beautiful
sound
around



Arvin combines finest FM Stereo Radio and recorded sound in a big 44" Genuine Walnut Veneer Wood Console. Magnificent 6-speaker system plus 9-tube stereo amplifier, 4-speed changer with 11" turntable, DIAMOND needle, 45 RPM spindle. Five separate controls provide outstanding audio fidelity. A whole world of quality home entertainment for under \$200!

Arvin Model TSP38
Genuine Walnut Veneer Cabinet
Suggested Retail \$199.95



Big stereo sound in a big 44" Genuine Walnut Veneer Wood cabinet! Thrill to exciting stereo records plus drift-free FM and crystal-clear AM, 4-speaker plus stereo amplifier, 4-speed changer with 11" turntable, dual sapphire needles, 45 RPM spindle. Five master controls for well-balanced stereo sound. A welcome addition to your home!

Arvin Model TSP38
Genuine Walnut Veneer Cabinet
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RESTAURATEUR BAUM IN ZUM ZUM
The hash was hungry for truffle-stuffed quail.

—are a successful blend of imaginative showmanship, lofty prices and aspiration to high cuisine. Waldorf System, Inc., is a somewhat different chain of restaurants. Its 83 cafeterias, drive-ins and pancake houses in eight states lean heavily on self-service eateries in poor locations, offer such dishes as hash and an egg for 65¢. Last week, in a deal that will produce an unusual corporate goulash, the two chains announced plans to merge.

Vine Leaves & Sausage. If the arrangement is accepted by stockholders of both firms—as expected—Waldorf (which has no connection with the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel) will give Restaurant Associates \$5,200,000 in Waldorf stock, and thus about two-thirds' control of the combined firm. With sales stuck around \$19 million a year for a decade, Waldorf has lost \$510,000 over the past three years; Restaurant Associates' sales have climbed 40% to \$28 million in that time, produced a \$592,000 profit last year. Why, then, should Restaurant Associates want Waldorf?

The explanation: it is really Waldorf that wants Restaurant Associates. In fact, Waldorf already owns 19% of the firm (an investment that cost a mere \$1,100,000), has options to acquire up to 49% control and enough cash to exercise them. So cozy are the two concerns that they already have headquarters in the same Manhattan building and, for the past year, have shared the same chairman, Martin Brody, 43, a former industrial caterer. The link between the two: Coffee Importer Abraham F. Wechsler, a founder of Restaurant Associates, whose family also has large holdings in Waldorf.

The Waldorf chain, which is trying to upgrade its image, menus and income, should be able to pick up some ideas from its new partner. Restaurant Associates specializes in distinctive touches, from a sybaritic menu at the

Forum (truffle-stuffed quail wrapped in Macedonian vine leaves) to the farm market displays of fresh vegetables, fruits and gourds that decorate the Top of the Fair restaurant at the World's Fair (which the firm took over this year). To wring a profit from its three restaurants in Manhattan's gargantuan new Pan American Building, President and Chief Executive Joseph H. Baum, 44, relied on novel dazzle. Result: the Trattoria's casual *dolce vita* atmosphere to woo after-theater crowds, Charlie Brown's Ale & Chophouse with a 19th century British menu, and Zum Zum, a sausage and beer bar so successful that Baum plans to expand it into a chain within the chain.

Room & Board. All this success has only whetted Restaurant Associates' appetite for new and versatile ventures. The company sprang from humble beginnings as Manhattan's low-priced Riker's coffee-shop chain, changed its name to Restaurant Associates in 1945 and expanded into concession snack bars and cafeterias for the military. With that background, Restaurant Associates feels that it can do something to vitalize the Waldorf chain without compromising the attractive image of its expensive restaurants.

REAL ESTATE

The Sad Saga of Big Bill

Like a character in an oldtime western serial, Real Estate Tycoon William Zeckendorf has ridden his ailing corporate steed, Webb & Knapp, Inc., through a series of cliffhanging adventures and crises. Somehow he has managed to avert disaster each time with an ingenious plan or a daring, last-minute rescue. Last week Bill Zeckendorf, 59, found himself in the worst trouble of his spectacular career. With no rescue in the script this time, the end seemed finally in sight for a saga

POSSIBLY
1966
Expenses
MONEY
PERHAPS
Maybe **Expect**
Promotion
Better
WAIT

Procrastination may work to your advantage in some decisions. But never in your decision to get the life insurance your family will need.

Anytime could be the end of time for any man, the beginning of his family's financial despair.

And you know waiting will push your premium cost up. More important, this waiting time relentlessly builds the threat of risk without protection.

Today is your best bargain day for life insurance.

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JOHN A. LLOYD, PRESIDENT • A MUTUAL COMPANY • FOUNDED 1867 • CINCINNATI

"I'm small potatoes..."

The man was a mechanic, and since he was moving away, he was writing to his Merrill Lynch account executive to thank him for his help:

Dear Mr. Smith:

You make a big thing about being interested in the small investor. As far as I am concerned, this is no less than the absolute truth. I'm small potatoes, and only the intention of someday investing on a large scale lent me the temerity to bother you folks at all.

I really feel that I could not have been treated nicer--there was no possible way--had I been _____.*

Sincerely,

David Charles

You don't get letters like that every day--so we thought we'd pass it along.

Because we do make a big thing about being interested in small investors. And medium-sized investors. And big investors. Any and all investors.

In other words, there are no "small potatoes" at Merrill Lynch.

**Our lawyers wouldn't let us use the actual name--one of the richest men in the world--so just supply your own.*



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
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70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

that has endlessly fascinated and amazed the business world.

Webb & Knapp is so short of cash that it could not even afford to hire an auditor and issue its annual report, an omission that caused the Securities and Exchange Commission to ban trading in its stock. Fearful that the company would go broke before bondholders could be paid off, Manhattan's Marine Midland Trust Co., trustee for \$4,298,200 in Webb & Knapp debenture bonds, petitioned the courts for reorganization of the company under the Bankruptcy Act. Besieged by a growing army of creditors and unable for once to raise the money to pay them off, Bill Zeckendorf last week agreed in federal court to join rather than fight Marine Midland's petition, promised to cooperate in reorganizing Webb & Knapp's \$69.7 million complex. The SEC lifted its ban on trading in Webb & Knapp stock, but an American Stock Exchange ban still stands.

Under the Bankruptcy Act, control of Webb & Knapp will be taken from Zeckendorf and given to a court-appointed trustee. He will consult with Zeckendorf, analyze the company's problems and sell unproductive properties, hoping to make the company profitable again and pay off its debts. If the untangling reveals no hope of salvage, the trustee could recommend that the company be liquidated. "We have always managed to avert bankruptcy," says Bill Zeckendorf, "and we could have come up with something this time too. But what can you do when you're hit on the head?"

Better Alive than Dead. It was a sorry pass for Bill Zeckendorf, the one-time office-building manager who joined Webb & Knapp in 1938, bought control and built it from a small conservative firm into a free-wheeling real estate empire, the world's largest. In 1959, its banner year, Webb & Knapp had assets of nearly \$300 million, owned hotels, office buildings, shopping centers, housing developments and valuable parcels of land in 17 states and Canada.

The company also picked up some problems along the way. Instead of sticking to acquiring existing real estate with a minimum of cash and a maximum of imaginative borrowing, Zeckendorf pushed Webb & Knapp into such unfamiliar enterprises as hotel management, urban renewal and building construction. By 1960, he had \$500 million in construction projects under way. When costs began to skyrocket beyond his original estimates, Zeckendorf was unable to pay them. He began mortgaging his assets, borrowed money at excessive interest rates, some higher than 20%. He answered his critics by saying: "I'd rather be alive at 18% than dead at the prime rate."

Fast Financial Footwork. Since 1959, when his debts reached a staggering \$104 million, Zeckendorf has kept Webb & Knapp alive by fast financial footwork. The company lost \$19.6 mil-



WEBB & KNAPP'S ZECKENDORF
An end to cliffhanging?

lion in 1962, \$32.3 million in 1963. Zeckendorf has lost or sold all of his hotels, one to Goldman & DiLorenzo, partners in a fast-rising real estate firm (TIME, March 12) that has bought other Zeckendorf buildings and is thriving on Webb & Knapp's decline. He also launched a number of money-raising operations. This year, in a complicated series of transactions based on the sale of a promising and diversified company affiliate, he reduced Webb & Knapp's liabilities by \$13 million to \$32 million. The sales, however, further weakened the company's position. Says President William Zeckendorf Jr., 38: "When you reduce your debts, you sell assets. This leaves you with very little with which to generate new deals."

CORPORATIONS

The Chemistry of Growth

When he is not visiting his plants in Europe, Latin America or Africa—an activity that consumes half his time—J. Peter Grace is apt to spend his evenings studying chemistry in his Long Island home. "I'm not a chemist by any means," he explains, "but things change so fast in chemistry today that any man would have to study just as hard as I do to keep up." Grace's studies have paid off for the firm that he heads, W. R. Grace & Co.

Once solely a shipping and overseas-trading firm (founded by Grace's grandfather in 1854), Grace has become one of the largest U.S. chemical companies. Since 1952, when Peter first plunged Grace into chemicals, its annual sales have risen from \$315 million to \$815 million; chemicals now account for more than 62% of the total. Last week at the company's annual meeting in Chicago, Peter Grace predicted that chemicals would be the major factor in pushing 1965's sales close to \$1 billion.

Liquefying Ammonia. To keep earnings of chemical products increasing at their current 25%-per-year rate, Grace has been busy building new plants and expanding older ones. The company is enlarging the capacity of an \$85 million



**If you can't afford to buy
a computer, buy part of one.**

It works just as well.



Try it. Chip in with other firms in your area and buy an NCR computer. You can all use it. It's being done by many banks and other businesses, all over the country that need the speed, accuracy and efficiency of electronic computa-

tion. Or rent time on an NCR-owned computer at your local NCR data processing center. Either way, you'll get the benefits of NCR's unmatched systems and service. Your local NCR man will help you make either arrangement.

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ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER: All ours...this bright, new day. Complete with 24 hours of opportunities, choices, attitudes...a perfectly matched set of 1440 minutes. But this unique gift—this one day—cannot be exchanged, replaced or refunded. So handle with care. Make the most of it. There's only one to a customer.

Each new day brings increased need for the fuel energy and chemicals derived from natural gas and oil. To help meet this expanding demand, we produce, process, transport and market the natural gas, petroleum, and chemicals so indispensable to our nation's strength and growth.



TENNESSEE GAS
TRANSMISSION COMPANY



THE GROWING WORLD OF TENNESSEE GAS



The gas-oil-chemical complex that is Tennessee Gas includes the following companies:



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EAST TENNESSEE NATURAL GAS CO.
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CHANNEL INDUSTRIES GAS CO.

OIL PRODUCTION, REFINING, MARKETING

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TENNECO CHEMICALS, INC.
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AMERICAN PLASTICS CORP.
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BERKSHIRE COLOR AND CHEMICAL CO.
NEW YORK COLOR AND CHEMICAL CO.
CAL/INK CHEMICAL CO.
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HEADQUARTERS:
TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION CO.
TENNESSEE BUILDING, HOUSTON, TEXAS



ammonia-plant complex in Trinidad, has just opened an \$8,000,000 phosphate plant in Bayonne, France, which it will supply from one of the world's richest rock-phosphate mines, jointly owned by Grace and French interests in the African Republic of Togo. In the U.S., Grace is completing a factory near Buffalo for reprocessing nuclear fuel. In the Midwest, it is opening 200 Grace Green-towns, rural centers at which farmers can get advice and buy Grace fertilizers, insecticides and weed-killers.

Grace has purchased two Dutch chocolate producers, a dairy company in Ireland and a general food company in Guatemala, increased the production of its biscuit, candy and sugar companies in Latin America. Food sales, which accounted for only 4% of Grace's revenues in 1962, reached 13% in 1964.



GRACE'S GRACE
Even the ships make money.

In its rush for new markets, Grace has not forgotten its founding division. Grace Lines, which sails six passenger ships and 19 freighters between U.S. and Caribbean and South American ports, will receive six new automated freighters later this year. It is one of the only two U.S. carriers that operated passenger ships profitably last year. Panagra, the well-run airline that Grace owns jointly with Pan American, has ordered two supersonic transports for its Latin American runs, earned more than \$1,000,000 in 1964.*

More Fingers. Grace, which also produces oil, paper, tungsten and tin, is not certain in which direction it will expand next, but it is currently spending \$17 million annually in research to find out. Says Peter Grace, who mixes his metaphors as successfully as he does his chemicals: "The more fingers we have—the more strings to our bow—the faster we accelerate. As we get bigger, we have more money to build more plants, and more possibilities open up. It can go on and on."

* Grace has agreed to sell its Panagra stock to Pan American, but approval of the sale by the Civil Aeronautics Board is not considered likely.

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Choose a federally-chartered savings association . . . California Federal . . . the nation's largest. Assets exceed \$1 billion. Dividends are paid quarterly at our 4.8% current annual rate—a higher rate than most other savings institutions. We provide world-wide savings service in over 100 foreign countries and 50 states for 450,000 individuals, corporations and trusts. The same, sound management policies since 1925. Reserves are far higher than legal requirements. Accounts insured by provisions of Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corp. A man and wife, with 2 individual accounts and 1 joint account, can have up to \$30,000 in fully insured savings. Many corporations have selected our institution as an ideal repository for their corporate, pension or trust funds, in amounts from \$100,000 up to \$1,000,000 per account. Funds received or postmarked by 10th of any month earn from 1st. Special attention to mail accounts. We pay air mail both ways. Mail check or money order with coupon below. We handle details of transferring your funds from any institution at no cost to you.

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WORLD BUSINESS

BRAZIL

Taking the Pledge

In 25 years of uninterrupted inflation, Brazil's businessmen have slipped into many bad habits. They raise next week's capital by increasing this week's prices. They buy at any cost and sell at any cost, trusting the ever-higher prices of inflation to see them through their carelessness and inefficiency. Last year prices skyrocketed so much (85%) that sales began to slacken and money grew scarce. Result: Brazil's businessmen have had to live with a severe shortage of capital. Taking ad-

tives." Higgins went for the anti-inflation plan, persuaded Campos to accept it. More than 750 companies have already volunteered to abide by it, including nearly all the auto, cement, drug and steel manufacturers.

Known as *Portaria 71* after the government decree that set it up, the plan not only provided credit incentives but established a new agency called the National Commission to Encourage the Stabilization of Prices (CONEP) to get the operation going, placed it under the direction of Guilherme Borghoff, one of Campos' chief aides. To set an example, the government barred price increases by such state-owned enterprises as the Volta Redonda steelworks, whose prices soared 148% last year. Though businessmen yelped when Campos raised taxes and suggested that they trim profit margins, they lined up to take the price pledge with a minimum of arm twisting. Says Max Pearce, the boss of Willys-Overland do Brasil: "Who can take the risk of not signing up?" New applications are pouring in so fast that CONEP has had to set up six branch offices around the country.

Daily Blacklists. If it has not halted inflation altogether, *Portaria 71* has at least helped. Last month's cost of living rose 3.8%—compared with 7.9% in March, 5.7% in February, 4.5% in January. Housewives in major cities have joined in the price fight, now publish daily blacklists of merchants who keep marking up. As a result, Campos is even predicting that in 1965 Brazil may be able to hold down its cost-of-living increase to a mere 3%—which would be the closest the country has come to price stability in five years.



CONEP'S BORGHOFF
Higher prices? Lower credit.

vantage of this situation, Brazil's revolutionary government is trying to use one problem as the bait for solving another—hoping that way to solve them both. In an ingenious carrot-and-stick proposition, it is offering a better shot at government credit to companies that hold the price line until the end of the year, giving little chance of badly needed credit to those that keep raising prices.

Setting an Example. As businessmen watched their sales fall off, they got less and less sympathy from President Humberto Castello Branco. "Have you lowered prices?" he snapped at them. "Go lower prices, and then if your sales are still low, come see me again."

Then, over lunch at São Paulo's prestigious Automobile Club last fall, Economics Minister Roberto Campos and Texas Economist Benjamin Higgins, a special adviser to the Brazilian government, heard several businessmen say that they would agree to curb prices if, in return, they could get a promise of government "fiscal and credit incen-

on sex says something significant about the young and rapidly growing Asian ad business. After copying Western ads for years, Asian admen are now developing their own distinctly flamboyant styles. They are also finding new prosperity—and problems in the rising consumer economies of Southeast Asia.

Expanding Volume. Ads seduce the eye and ear everywhere in Asia. They blink in neon from signs that share the skyline with Bangkok's temple spires and from plump helium balloons in the skies over Taipei. Billboards in Rangoon hymn a product called "Monkey Brain Tonic." In Thailand, such popular TV shows as *Alfred Hitchcock* and *The Deputy* are often interrupted by commercials that run up to 15 minutes, and many of the country's 80 commercial radio stations carry eight-minute plugs—partly because time sells for as little as \$1 a minute.

The volume of advertising is rising by about 15% a year. Last year it hit some \$22 million in the Philippines, \$26 million in Malaysia and \$36 million in Hong Kong. Though most of the ad business is controlled by local, Japanese or Australian agencies, U.S. agencies are moving in fast. J. Walter Thompson has a staff of 100 in Manila alone, and Ted Bates & Co. has an interest in Hong Kong-based Cathay Advertising, which bills \$4,000,000 throughout Southeast Asia. McCann-Erickson has opened offices in Manila and Hong Kong, and is starting up in Kuala Lumpur, Singapore and Bangkok.

Changing the Omen. Many of the local admen have been trained on Madison Avenue or in London, but most are Asians. They need to be: a fine feeling for local sensibilities is an absolute necessity. In color ads pitched to the area's numerous and affluent Chinese consumers, red means good luck, and yellow is the grand color of the ancient empire; pale blue—a funeral color—is used only by unsavvy art directors. A package tipped on its side suggests business collapse, and a half-filled pack of cigarettes conjures up visions of half-empty rice bowls. Because comets are ill omens, British Overseas Airways Corp. has renamed its Comet 4 "*Hui Sing*," which means "star of wisdom."

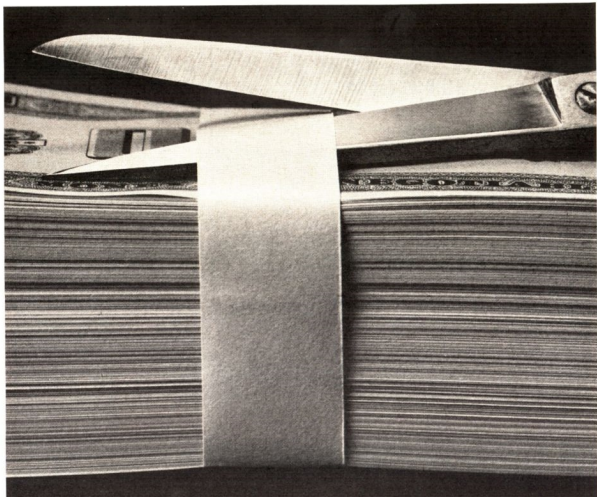
In rural areas where literacy is low, people recognize products not by their brand names but by the familiar symbols on the packages. Thus, admen promote Quaker Oats as "Old Man Oats" and Craven cigarettes as "Black Cat." Translating foreign ads into the local language without regard for local tastes simply will not do. Japanese ad agencies hopefully exported cinema tapes showing Tokyo models riding motorcycles or slipping on their nylons. The ads flopped in Thailand, where the popular opinion is that Japanese women are conspicuously lacking in sex appeal.

ASIA

The Sexy Sell

The government of Formosa recently passed a law aimed at curbing a practice that has long been deplored as a phenomenon of the West: too much sex in ads. Praising the ban on low décolletage and high eroticism, the widely circulated China Post two weeks ago deplored "the gimmick of using sex as a selling point for everything from cough drops to synthetic fabrics. Advertising in Taiwan is often an offense to good taste and an insult to the intelligence." The advertisers have been somewhat more cautious since the law's passage, but, Asia being what it is, the prohibition is expected to be ignored before long.

Throughout Asia, admen take far more liberties with sex than their Western colleagues would dare. They run explicit commercials for aphrodisiacs and ads for contraceptives, use blatant virility symbols and vivid mammary illustrations, send out song-and-dance troupes singing suggestive ad messages. The new controversy over this emphasis



One good reason to switch to leasing: release capital

One good man to lease from: your local Chrysler Leasing System member

He's one of a nationwide network of dependable, local businessmen. Each one equipped with full service facilities: You can have a car or truck delivered and maintained in major cities throughout the country. Look him up for any kind of lease, on

any make of vehicle, at more-for-your-money rates. There are many good reasons for leasing. There is one good man to lease from: your local Chrysler Leasing System member. Look him up for easy leasing. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.



This announcement appears for purposes of record.

\$100,000,000



Trans World Airlines, Inc.

Equipment Mortgage Sinking Fund Notes due 1986

In connection with its program for financing jet flight equipment, Trans World Airlines, Inc. has entered into agreements, negotiated by the undersigned, for the private sale of the above Notes. Delivery of the Notes is scheduled to be made on or prior to March 1, 1987 pursuant to, and subject to the terms and conditions of, the agreements with respect thereto.

Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.

Lazard Frères & Co.

Lehman Brothers

May 17, 1965



"Restless Rudolph" loses contest with hospital bed

Writhing 275-lb. iron dummy torture-tests
our electric hospital beds.
"Rudolph" always loses—so patient always wins.

AMERICAN SEATING COMPANY



Interested? Curious? Write American Seating Co., Dept. 1153, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502.
Leaders in school, hospital, church furniture—transportation, theater, stadium seating.

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Anne of France, 26, daughter of the Count of Paris, Bourbon pretender to the French throne; and Prince Carlos de Bourbon, 27, man-about-Madrid, her tenth cousin, himself a disputed minor pretender to the Spanish throne; in Dreux, France.

Married. Angie Dickinson, 33, long-stemmed Hollywood beauty (*Captain Newman, M.D.*); and Burt Bacharach Jr., 37, Manhattan songwriter (*Magic Moments*); both for the second time; in Las Vegas.

Died. Lucian ("Sonny") Banks, 24, journeyman heavyweight boxer from Detroit, whose main claim to fame was his 1962 knockdown of Cassius Clay (Clay kayoed Banks four rounds later); of a blood clot in the brain, three days after he was knocked out in the ninth round by Leotis Martin; in Philadelphia. Banks was the 64th fighter to die of ring injuries in the last five years.

Died. Carole Tyler, 26, party-loving former private secretary to ex-Senate Majority Secretary (and Lyndon Johnson protégé) Bobby Baker, who took the Fifth Amendment 22 times in 50 minutes while testifying at the 1964 Senate investigation of his tangled finances; of injuries received when the light plane in which she was a passenger crashed into the ocean near Baker's Carousel Motel in Ocean City, Md.

Died. Alfred M. Frankfurter, 59, editor since 1936 of the influential monthly *Art News*, a witty critic and historian, who raised his magazine's circulation from 1,400 to 32,000 (largest in its field) by balancing scholarly essays on the past with comprehensive reviews of the present; of a stroke; in Jerusalem.

Died. Leopold Figl, 62, Chancellor of Austria from 1945 to 1953, who spent six years in Nazi concentration camps, later founded the conservative People's Party and led a coalition regime until Julius Raab succeeded him, whereupon he became Foreign Minister, and in 1955 with Raab negotiated the end of Allied occupation; of cancer; in Vienna (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Childs Frick, 81, Manhattan art patron, whose coke- and coal-rich father Henry Clay Frick built a \$5,000,000 mansion on Fifth Avenue ("I'll make Carnegie's house look like a miner's shack!"), stoked it with \$50 million worth of art, and left it to the public as the Frick Collection, which his son supervised as trustee since 1921; of a heart attack; in Roslyn, N.Y.

Died. Frances Perkins, 83, first woman Cabinet officer, F.D.R.'s Secretary of Labor (1933-45); of a stroke; in Manhattan (see *THE NATION*).

Robert Louis Stevenson on individuality

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly
saying Amen to what the world tells you
you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

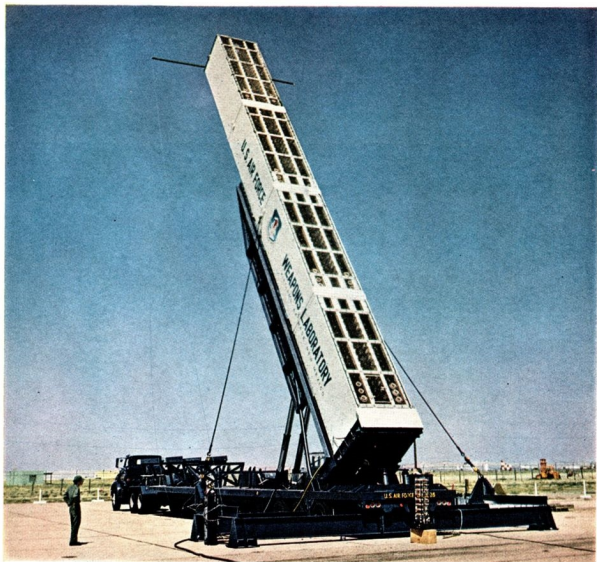
An Inland Voyage, 1878

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . one of a series
Container Corporation of America



Artist: James Davis





Air Force lightning-maker rides on a Clark-built trailer

The Air Force calls it a "mobile electrical surge generator." To the layman, it is really an artificial lightning machine, and the Air Force will use it to evaluate the effect of lightning on advanced weapons systems. To develop the surge generator itself, the Air Force went to a specialist: Lightning and Transients Research Institute in Minneapolis. They in turn selected another specialist for the 84-ft. trailer and hydraulic erector mechanism: Clark Equipment Trailer Division. The same engineering skill and meticulous attention to detail which went into this complex, one-of-a-kind trailer goes into Clark's broad line of standard truck-trailers as well. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

CINEMA

Wags Out West

Cat Ballou, Silkenly coiffed and carefully educated, the provocative young schoolmarm boards a train headed west to Wolf City, Wyo. To ward off thieves, gamblers and rascallions, she seats herself across from a Bible-clutching man of the cloth. "I'm Catherine Ballou," she offers demurely.

"I'm drunk as a skunk," says the preacher, leering just a bit.

All too soon, the sham preacher helps a cattle rustler escape from jail. Persuaded to hide the hot-blooded crook in her Pullman berth, Catherine (Jane Fonda) begins to reveal a flair for lawlessness and disorder that turns out to be her most endearing trait. After she blows into Wolf City at gale force, her father is murdered for his land by a hired gunfighter (Lee Marvin). Catherine becomes "Cat," an outlaw queen who scourges the countryside assisted by the amorous rustler, his prayerful accomplice, a Beatle-thatched Indian, and a drunken, generally unemployable gunfighter she can call her own (Lee Marvin again, in a duel role).

As honest-to-gosh westerns go, *Cat*

BY FRIEDMAN



MARVIN AS GOOD GUY



MARVIN AS BAD GUY



FONDA AT GALLONS IN "CAT"
Spoofing the shibboleths.

Learn how to say
"St. Leger"

it's tough raving about a
Scotch you can't pronounce.

Light and dry...

86.8 proof blended Scotch whisky.

GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

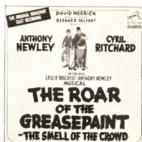


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THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT -THE SMELL OF THE CROWD

DAVID MERRICK'S
NEW
MUSICAL

ANTHONY
NEWLEY
CYRIL
RITCHARD



NOW PLAYING AT THE SHUBERT THEATER, N.Y.

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound



THOUGHTS OF A PRUDENT MAN

TIME FOR SOME PLAIN TALK ABOUT INVESTMENT ADVICE

A good deal of cloudiness surrounds the business of giving investment advice. It leaves a lot of people uncertain and reluctant. And the market misses them.

Let's see if we can't throw a little light on the subject:

The basics—This may sound a bit elementary, but it helps get everything in focus.

- Investment advice should be as good as knowledge and experience, wide resources, critical review, and time, patience and profit can make it.
- It should be well-prepared: thoughtful, articulate, plain-spoken.
- It should be paid for. Most free advice is worth just about what you pay for it.

There are both general and individualized investment services. We provide the latter. We'll discuss the former first.

General investment services—There are about 200 of these, ranging from periodic newsletters to encyclopedic collections of corporate and economic data. Some plunge into the whole investment spectrum. Others specialize—reporting on oils, chemicals, odd-lot activity, for example.

Their weaknesses are two: they require a great deal of time if they are to be used correctly; and they are (as they must be) impersonal.

Individual investment services—This is our bailiwick. And that of others, too. Among them are the many fine firms and individuals known as "investment counselors."

The service provided by The Northern Trust Company—a trust institution—is called Investment Management. Here are our qualifications.

Investment Management—Northern Trust style—The Northern Trust provides a highly-personalized investment management service for individuals, institutions, corporations, and employee groups. Recommendations to buy, sell, or hold are made in line with each customer's particular objectives.

The quality of investment advice at The Northern Trust reflects our deep, original, and continuous research programs. This is basic.

We also handle investment routines: purchase and sale orders, collections and deposits, the keeping of records, the preparation of all data for tax purposes.

Our customers include people from all walks of life. The sums of money their investments represent range from relatively modest amounts to millions. Each fund, nevertheless, looms as large as any other. We mean it and we can prove it. Plain enough?

Thomas L. McDermid, Vice President, or one of his associates in the Trust Department would be pleased to discuss with you Investment Management—Northern Trust style. Call Financial 6-5500 to start things rolling.



Chicago 60690 • Financial 6-5500 • Member F.D.I.C.

Ballou is disgraceful. As a shibboleth-shattering spoof, it dumps all the heroic traditions of horse opera into a gag bag, shakes thoroughly, and pulls out one of the year's jolliest surprises. Occasionally the fun seems sophomoric, and a few maladroit asides about red-white race relations give evidence that *Cat* might have been improved by more careful grooming. But the offenses are minor. What's good about the comedy is nigh irresistible.

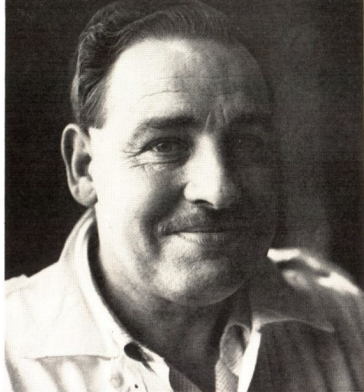
What's best about it is probably Lee Marvin. Dressed in snaky black, with a silver schnozz tied on where his nose used to be before "it was bit off in a fight," Marvin soberly parodies several hundred western badmen of yore, then surpasses himself as the dime-novel hero, Kid Shellen. A "good" killer, the Kid arrives in town unable to live up or even stand up to his legend. His eyes are bloodshot from poring over whisky labels. On ceremonial occasions he wears a corset. When he is primed with rotgut, his fast draw is apt to pull his pants off.

Director Elliot Silverstein, freshly sprung from television, sows this wild-oater with all manner of trickery, and most of it works—from speeded-up chase sequences to an entr'acte by a pair of banjo-banging troubadours (Stubby Kaye and the late Nat King Cole) who stroll improbably from scene to scene, keeping the flimsy narrative intact with snatches of song. In a performance that nails down her reputation as a girl worth singing about, Actress Fonda does every preposterous thing demanded of her with a giddy sincerity that is at once beguiling, poignant and hilarious. Wearing widow's weeds over her six-guns, she romps through one of the zaniest train robberies ever filmed, a throwback to Pearl White's perilous heyday. Putting the final touches on a virginal white frock to wear at her own hanging, she somehow suggests that Alice in Wonderland has fallen among blackguards and rather enjoys it. Happily, *Cat Ballou* makes the enjoyment epidemic.

Back-Seat Romance

The *Yellow Rolls-Royce* is a 1930 model Phantom II that serves as plot, theme, star and principal setting of this elegant, old-fashioned movie about roadside sex. Its occupants are a host of celebrated players driven by liveried chauffeurs, bodyguards and carnal desire. In three unconnected episodes of varying length and quality, they pass the Rolls from owner to owner, testing its serviceability for back-seat amours.

Rolls-Royce gets under way in high style when Rex Harrison, as a British Foreign Office nabob, goes out to buy a motorized bauble for his wife (Jeanne Moreau). "I don't much care for the shape of the decanter," Harrison purrs, eyeing the built-in bar accessories. He has the automobile delivered during a party on Ascot eve, and Veteran Director Anthony Asquith (*The V.I.P.s*)



If you're flying on one of BOAC's flights from Chicago to London, (one leaves every night at 7:00 pm) you owe a lot to Henry "Muscles" Parsons. He's the man who loads up your jet with Iranian caviar, Lobster Bellevue, Parma Hams, Roast Angus Beef, Coq au Vin, cases of Cordon Rouge Brut, Scotch, Bourbon, Rum, Gin, Bordeaux, Reisling, Drambuie, Cointreau, V.S.O.P. Brandy, Bombe Glacée, and assorted cheeses. "To stock a plane with anything less," says Muscles, "would be uncivilized!"

Fly direct from Chicago to London on a Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet. The 14/21-day midweek economy fare is only \$375* round trip. And you can charge your BOAC travel on your Diners' Club or Carte Blanche credit card as well as your International Air Travel Card. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation.



*Fares effective thru Nov. 4, 1965 and not applicable during certain peak summer periods.

C8

Librettists
consider them
noteworthy



You pay more for Benson & Hedges.
And, from recessed mouthpiece to personal case, you get more.

108

DAVID GARD



MOREAU & HARRISON



DELON & MacLAINE



BERGMAN & SHARIF
Starting a car.

begins scratching through the smooth surfaces of leisure-class life with exquisite malice. At dinner, Moreau arranges a tryst with one of Harrison's subordinates (Edmund Purdom), masking her passion with some sprightly talk about the anchovy sauce served on British trains. Next day, while Harrison's horse wins the Gold Cup, Harrison's wife loses herself to Purdom in the Rolls. Milord and milady ride home afterwards, exchanging scarcely a look, but telling all that needs to be known of their future together in a few strokes of luxuriously civilized acting.

More than 20,000 odometered miles later, the Rolls turns up in Genoa. Climbing aboard are a U.S. gangster (George C. Scott) and his moll (Shirley MacLaine), both battling Scenarist Terence Rattigan's notion of dialogue for ugly Americans. "So it leans," cracks Shirley at the tower of Pisa. The fun picks up when Scott returns to the States to eradicate a business associate, leaving his two snazzy chassis in the care of Bodyguard Art Carney. On a swimming expedition, Shirley and the Rolls are left unguarded just long enough to entertain Alain Delon, utterly persuasive as a gigolo-photographer who cannot resist going astray for a pretty face, particularly his own.

Finally the limousine appears in Tri-

TIME, MAY 21, 1965



The original was a sharp photo. This is a copy made on a leading electrostatic copier.*



This is a 3M "Dual Spectrum" copy of the same original.*

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with fuzzy
electrostatic copies?**

**New 3M Dual Spectrum process
makes copies with character!**

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Don't let your car's engine get old before its time. Keep it youthful with Quaker State Motor Oil. It's made only from 100% pure Pennsylvania—the world's choicest and most costly crude oil. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop, saves you money. Always ask for Quaker State by name—it's your best engine life preserver.

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OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

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INC. BRO\$. CO. A\$\$\$OC. & \$ON

SI, per copy, reaches more professionals and managers who own stock in the companies that employ them than Harper-Atlantic, National Geographic, Newsweek or Time (and at a lower cost per thousand, too).

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED...each week the facts add up to success

este at the beginning of World War II, bought by a cranky American millionairess (Ingrid Bergman) who heads for the Yugoslav border spouting kind words about Hitler, though she cannot abide Roosevelt or Reds. Thanks to the rebel partisan (Omar Sharif) stowed away in her trunk, Actress Bergman—radiantly unconvincing throughout—takes an abrupt Left turn, ends up ferrying guerrillas through the mountains and dropping 20 years from her characterization.

If *The Yellow Rolls-Royce* looks worn at times, it is always appropriately overprivileged in high-powered personalities and spectacular sets. They are so seductive that the film coasts smoothly through those uneasy stretches in which an audience becomes all too conscious of the ticking of the clock.



SHEPHERD IN "LIGEIA"

Quick fix for the thrill-thirsty.

The Simple Annals of the Poe

Tomb of Ligeia. If Producer-Director Roger Corman had anything on his mind more substantial than cobwebs and curdled blood, he might easily extend to others the excitement he creates among a small but thrill-thirsty band of followers who await each Corman film as though it contained fresh plasma. They seldom have to wait long. At 39, Corman has made more than 70 movies. The best-known are his macabre, shimmering little quickies gleaned from the works of Edgar Allan Poe.

Opulently photographed in and around a crumbling English abbey, *Ligeia*, like its predecessors, offers meticulous décor, shrewd shock techniques, and an atmosphere of mounting terror that fails to deliver on its promise. Again, the cream-centered menace is Vincent Price, an actor who appears to be swooping around in a cape even when he stands perfectly still. His first wife dead, Price marries a breathtaking beauty (Elizabeth Shepherd) and takes her on a honeymoon that includes a stop at Stonehenge. Back home he resumes his necrophilic fancies until, as usual, a great raging holocaust consumes castle, corpses, black cats, Price, and loose ends of plot.

TIME, MAY 21, 1965

Again this year
Westinghouse
lights you to
and through
the World's Fair



along the turnpikes



across the bridges



in the parking areas



along main walkways



and promenades and marinas



to accent architectural design



on exhibits like Du Pont's



and our Time Capsule pavilion



in exhibit ceilings



in our Dorothy Draper Dream Home



and when you get back home.

Wherever lighting is exciting, there's Westinghouse. One of the newest members of the big Westinghouse lighting family is

the New Shape bulb. It gives hundreds of hours of extra life over published average life of household bulbs. This new bulb is

the first styling change in light bulbs in 35 years.

(World's Fair illustrations copyrighted © 1964 New York World's Fair 1964-1965 Corporation.)

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse





WRAP YOURSELF IN COMFORT...



**EVERY DAY... EVERYWHERE YOU DRIVE
WITH GENERAL MOTORS CLIMATE CONTROL**

All year long . . . Harrison four-season climate control turns every drive into a wonderful trip! No matter what the season, you're completely comfortable inside. Because you control the temperature in all sorts of weather—from heat waves to cold snaps. And in conditioned air—dirt, pollen and excess humidity are never a problem. You arrive fresh and alert . . . neat-looking, too. Wind and air-borne insects can't bother you . . . nerves take it easy, especially with traffic noise hushed. Fill your car with comfort 365 days a year! Give four-season climate control a try at your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer's. Or try Comfort Control at your Cadillac dealer's.

* COMPRESSOR BY FRIGIDAIRE

YOU CAN ENJOY FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL IN MOST SMALLER-SIZE GENERAL MOTORS CARS, TOO.

FOUR-SEASON
CAR CLIMATE CONTROL

GM  **HARRISON**

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, N.Y.



RONA JAFFE

Lament for the dead Mr. Right.

Reverse Serendipity

MR. RIGHT IS DEAD by Rona Jaffe. 192 pp. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

Rona Jaffe's bestselling first novel about nubile young career girls awprowl in Manhattan, *The Best of Everything*, was written to the specifications of the late Film Producer Jerry Wald. God knows who is responsible for this new collection of short stories in which Rona's girls suffer from serendipity in reverse—they have the gift of finding unpleasant things and situations not sought for. When these urban waifs encounter an attractive man, he's already married; if single, a homosexual; if both available and heterosexual, he is metaphorically dead.

The heroine of the title story is Melba Toast, "the skinniest stripper in America." Blonde and randy, Melba wears the longest fake eyelashes in New York and the tightest clothes. Aging millionaires delight in lending her their Cadillacs and shower her with \$100 bills. Melba is a direct descendant of Lorelei Lee in Anita Loos's 1925 bestseller, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and, like Lorelei, has a mousy girl friend to come along on double dates.

So long as the action is confined to Madcap Melba charming a cop out of giving her a parking ticket, or a gangster into surrendering a restaurant phone, the story is readable enough and lively. But Rona Jaffe intends more. The mousy girl friend is in analysis and given to morose dissections of her emotions, ranging from jealousy of Melba to frustration about the men who get away. She has a strange preoccupation with necrophilia. When one romance collapses, the mousy girl laments that "social graces are dead, shyness is dead, chivalry is dead, game playing is dead, necking is dead, Mr. Right is dead, expectations of any kind are dead. Only the moment lives."

The other stories offer evidence of a surprising similarity in literary taste between *Esquire* and *Rogue* and such ven-

BOOKS

erable ladies' magazines as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, in which they severally appeared. They deal with 1) a pair of young movie stars who get their kicks from phoning strangers, 2) a girl who tries to become the model mistress for man after man after man, 3) a four-party orgy that is so permissive it becomes a bore, and 4) a young man who takes his fiancée's beloved dog to a vet to be killed, to a taxidermist to be stuffed, and then leaves it, displaying a lifelike snarl, in the middle of the floor to welcome her home. It's clear he is not Mr. Right either.

On Demand

ASSORTED PROSE by John Updike. 326 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

The publisher calls this "a motley but not unshapely collection." Both verdicts are just. John Updike has never yet parted with a word before its shape conformed to the creator's purpose. And "motley" nicely describes the collage assembled beneath this arrogantly stark title. A short-story writer, a poet and a novelist, Updike here exhibits the hand that also fabricates nonfiction on demand: book reviews, parodies, autobiographical snippets, some of his anonymous contributions to *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" department, all of it reprinted. The assortment casts neither light nor doubt on Updike's competence, and many of the entries are so minor as to defy measurement. But to someone who did not see it in *The New Yorker* in 1960, his grandstand account of Ted Williams' last trip to the plate in Boston's Fenway Park (Williams hit a home run) is worth the full price of admission to these pages.

Because It Was Green

THE VALLEY OF THE LATIN BEAR by Alexander Lenard. 219 pages. Dutton. \$4.95.

En, nunc ipse in imo est, vobis ostentari paratus. Winnie ille Pu. Hardly the sort of prose one expects to read in a bestseller. But a bestseller was exactly what Alexander Lenard's Latin translation of A. A. Milne's classic turned out to be. *Winnie Ille Pu* sold 100,000 copies. On every reader's parsed lips was the question: Who was Translator Alexander Lenard?

Rumors ran wild. He was a Hungarian who knew twelve languages, a student of Renaissance research on the human kidney, a painter, a poet, an organist and pianist specializing in Bach, a teacher of mathematics, a pharmacist, a doctor, a many-sided genius who had holed up in the jungles of South America.

In this wittily ironic memoir, Lenard blithely confesses that all the rumors are true. Unlike most memoirists, he is crisp-



UPDIKE

Shape for the creator's purpose.

ly cryptic about his own improbable early life. But with delight and charm, he descants on life in his adopted home in Southern Brazil. If he seems to resemble Albert Schweitzer as an intellectual refugee buried in a jungle, the resemblance is superficial: Schweitzer is devout and ascetic, Lenard is an agnostic and a humanist; Schweitzer is a crusader, Lenard works for pay.

Weathercock. Author Lenard was born in Budapest in 1910. He recalls the outbreak of the first World War, a day when the city went mad with rejoicing, as "the last happy day that mankind was ever to know." The rest of his life has been an attempt to regain the paradise he feels he lost at that moment.

His parents fled Budapest, drifted about the Balkans, settled at last in Vienna. Young Alexander attended the famous Theresianum School ("much patina, titled schoolmates and scanty meals") and went on to complete his medical studies in 1932. In 1938, foreseeing a second World War, he fled to Rome, where he stubbornly detached

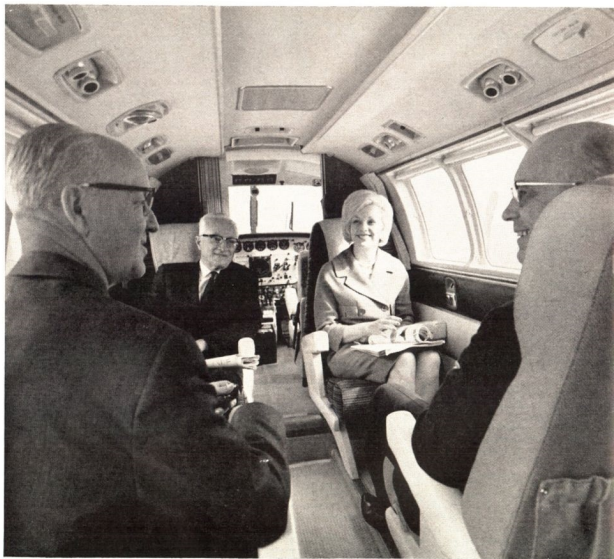


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C9

himself from the organized world around him. He let his passport expire. He applied for no ration book. He buried himself at the Vatican Museum as a librarian, read nothing printed after the French Revolution. But one day he saw German shells demolish the weathercock on a fine old church and abruptly decided that the time for passive resistance had ended.

Working in the wartime underground, he hid Allied airmen in his Rome apartment. Hiding from the Gestapo, he slept on streetcars and in churches. He ended the war with a citation from British Field Marshal Alexander and a job as chief anthropologist for the U.S. Army Graves Registration Service. His duties: sorting and reassembling the bones of U.S. soldiers for shipment home. ("Can't you make it faster?" shouted the major in command. "Can't you make it faster!") In 1952, foreseeing a third World War, he fled to Brazil because "it looked big and green on the map."

Back in Dogpatch. As an alien, he found jobs hard to get. He worked as a male nurse in a lead mine. He tutored the daughters of French engineers on the side. To stimulate their interest in Latin, it occurred to him to translate *Winnie the Pooh* for use as a text. But he decided that paradise must be better than this, and he moved on and out. Wangling a license as a practicing pharmacist, he settled in the village he calls Donna Irma, in the coffee-growing uplands of southern Brazil.

The village was a Brazilian version of Dogpatch. Yet there was eternal spring, big blue butterflies in the forests, and coffee shrubs, banana trees, sugar cane growing wild on every hand. There was a wildly eclectic population: Germans, Italians, Negroes and "others"—who might be descended from Indian chiefs, Spanish monks, Portuguese sapphire hunters, Polish immigrants. No policemen, no cars, no television; plenty of children, flowers and festivals. Lenard settled in as a pharmacist-surgeon, taught music to the children, practiced Bach on the organ at the Protestant church, and contentedly observed the life around him.

Problem of Bulls. His account of it is a delight. The local barber was named Pericles, and the local butcher doubled as a dentist. Mr. Plinz, the milkman, skimmed the cream off his business—one pint from each gallon he delivered to market. Mrs. Plinz was the midwife, ran a dispensary in which her pigs wandered freely among her patients. Local education was both sketchy and imaginative. Sample passage from a history lesson: "In the beginning God and Christ created the world. It is not quite certain where, but certainly not in Brazil; because Brazil was not discovered at that time." Local justice was administered by the town clerk and was strictly *ad hoc*. Typical case: when a stud bull breaks loose and ravages two neighboring cows, does the bull get stud fees or do the cows get damages? Mostly the

TIME, MAY 21, 1965



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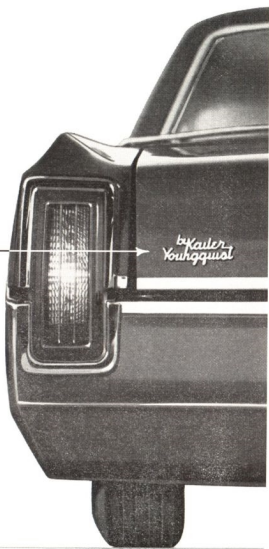
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villagers settled their own problems. When a hog merchant named Suspensers caught his wife being unfaithful, he bought her a pair of long trousers—and a belt with a lock on it. When a gigantically fat grandmother died in her bed (a mattress supported by six tree stumps), her survivors neatly sawed Grandma in half, buried her in two coffins.

Lenard is something of a sentimentalist who likes to think that all savages are noble and that the only significant achievement of civilization is its art. In these pages he stands revealed as a paradox: something of a sage, something of a child. He loves the quiet life; yet he shyly confesses that he hopes this book will preserve his memory. His name will be remembered as long as people read bedtime stories in Latin.



AUTHOR FOWLER & FRIEND* (1954)
Respect for leaders with standards.

The Last Colonial

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW by
Wilfred Fowler. 294 pages. Macmillan.
\$5.

This is a remarkably likable novel about the last days of British rule in Africa. Novelist Fowler's main character is a British civil servant named Wood, and the book consists of two sets of his recollections—those from the beginning of his colonial career in the 1930s, and a sharply contrasting sheaf of observations made 30 years later as the colony in which he is stationed clamors for independence.

The narrative is a series of leisurely episodes, unconnected except by Wood's part in them. In the book's first section, when the British rule is still unchallenged, the stories are standard colonial reminiscences—a too friendly native official is seen to be a cheat and

* Oba Adele II of Lagos, Nigeria.



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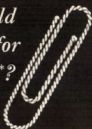
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a murderer, Wood's manservant is shot with a poisoned arrow, a bumbling British doctor turns out to be more competent than first seemed true. This kind of thing is told and forgotten over whiskey and soda, and the reader is a little surprised to find himself completely caught up in it. What is absorbing is the shrewd and unobtrusive way Wood makes his assessment of a variety of men. As his reminiscence turns to the years of British withdrawal from the colony, he earns the reader's deepening respect by judging the Africans who are coming to power by the same standards. If there is a moral to the book, it is the mild one that the African politicians who shout for reform and whoop up riots are essentially the same sort of men as the British consuls they are replacing. Novelist Fowler, who was a colonial officer in Asia and Africa for 30 years, allows himself only the faintest nostalgia; the best of his Africans is a fine old chief who cannot adjust to the disorder of independence and who fights more stubbornly than any Briton to preserve the old, colonial rule.

In the mood of the book's conclusion there is some confidence for the future. Although Wood himself is as antique as his author's manner of writing, there will be men with his qualities of mind among the ruling Africans. Such men, Fowler suggests, will be able to calculate the mixed debt of resentment and gratitude they owe to the colonials.

The E in Edith

TAKEN CARE OF by Edith Sitwell. 239 pages. Atheneum, \$5.95.

"Oh, why don't they bury us?" sighs Dame Edith Sitwell in the final chapter of these memoirs, completed shortly before her death last December at the age of 77. "It'd be warmer there." It would be sizzling, as a matter of fact, wherever Dame Edith happened to be. For almost half a century she spat fire and spouted verses that perceptibly elevated the social and intellectual temperature of her times. In this autobiography, a thing of brilliant shreds and banal patches, Dame Edith throws a harsh new light on the life of the poet and the genesis of the eccentric. And incidentally applies to her contemporaries a number of nifty posthumous hotfoots.

The Queen Chinese. Eccentricity was first nature to a Sitwell. Edith's potty papa, for instance, tried to chirk up the landscape of his 5,000-acre estate in Derbyshire by painting blue Chinese ideographs on a herd of white cows. "Poor little 'E'" came along, and he decided to redecorate his gangling and disjointed daughter. When she was eleven he fitted her from head to foot with orthopedic braces designed to realign her physique—not omitting a steel clamp that gripped her nose and was "regulated by a lock-and-key system."

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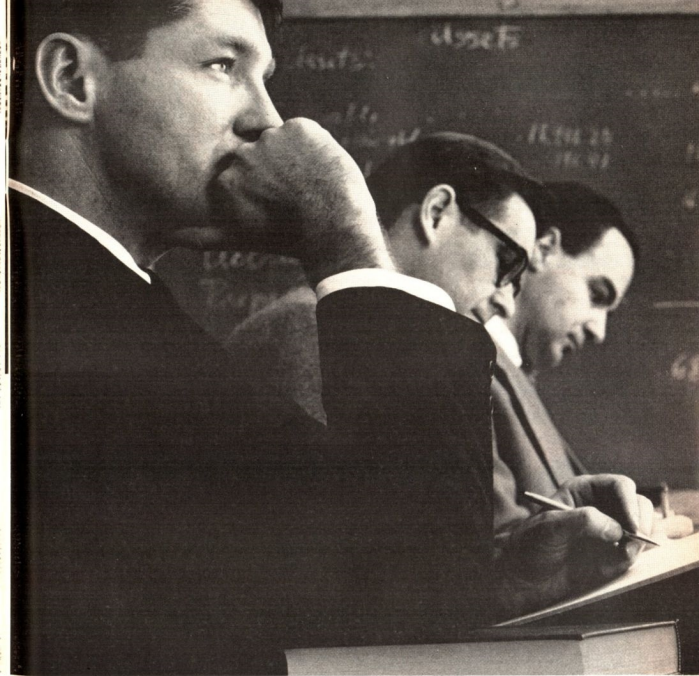
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lent temper and symptoms of neurasthenia—whenver she heard a piece of displeasing music, she quietly vomited. But she also developed a precocious passion to become "a genius"—if possible, a poetic genius. In 1923, riots attended her first public recitation of a clamjamfry called *Façade*:

The sound of the onycha

When the phoca has the pica

In the palace of the Queen Chinese!

Edith and her younger brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell thereupon established a literary cult of three, "the Sitwells." Edith was its high priestess, and in preparation for the part she fitted herself from head to foot with psychological braces: floor-length gowns cut from upholstery material, turbans and toques and tippets of excited hue, finger rings containing chunks of aquamarine the size of duck eggs. In full regalia, she looked like Lyndon B. Johnson dressed up as Elizabeth I.

A Race of Poems. Enclosed in her psychic armor, Edith ventured forth into the world of letters and had soon met everybody worth meeting. In *Taken Care Of*, the great and the ingrate are taken care of with insuperable inventiveness.

On Novelist D. H. Lawrence: "The head of the Jaeger school of literature, since he is hot, soft, and woolly. But Jaeger woolens are unshrinkable by time, whereas the works of Mr. Lawrence are not."

On Critic F. R. Leavis: "His pronouncements are a constant pleasure to one. He has a transcendental gift, even when he is writing sense, of making it appear to be nonsense."

On Dame Edith, Dame Edith is less severe. On her own evidence, she was a mortally serious Christian and a ferociously committed artist, a childless woman who lay in her bed and labored every day for six hours a day, all year for more than 40 years, to bring forth a race of poems. The worst of them are idiot brainchildren afflicted with echolalia; the best of them are fierce and radiant creatures of the metaphysical imagination. In *Dirge for the New Sunrise*, dated the day the bomb fell on Hiroshima, Dame Edith writes in her ultimate Miltonic manner:

*And the ray from the heat came
soundless, shook the sky*

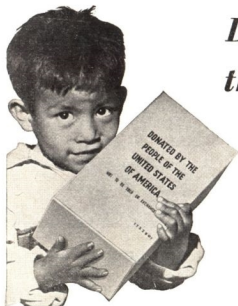
*As if in search for food, and squeezed
the stems*

*Of all that grows on the earth till
they were dry—*

*And drank the marrow of the bone:
The eyes that saw, the lips that kissed
are gone—*

*Or black as thunder lie and grin at
the murdered Sun.*

Dame Edith in her last best years struck the attitude of a withered grand Cassandra. Her memoirs involuntarily reveal that in this, as in all her cold, impressive poses, it was seldom a grown woman who spoke. It was more often poor little E, getting even with the world for making her poor little E.



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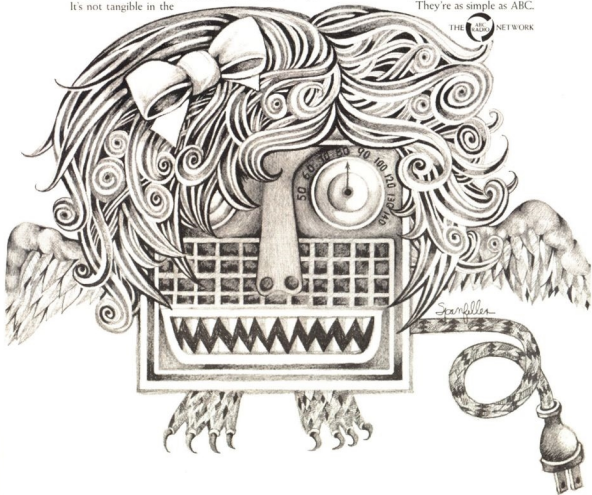
same way that paper and film are. It goes directly to the imagination of the listener...where the sale is always made.

But not everyone is chilled by the word "creative" or by the selling power of network radio. Warwick and Legler for one. They're a creative agency that does creative radio. They've seen all it can do to move a client's product, to establish a viewpoint, to persuade people to act. They know the astonishing results good commercials can have.

At ABC, we've worked hard to become the leading radio network. We believe in network radio as one of today's most important mediums. Once you know all the facts, you will too.

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A LEADER DOES MORE THAN TALK A GOOD SYSTEM

Crane doesn't just talk a good fluid system, we produce it. Case in point: Con Edison's new Ravenswood station. Crane talked to Con Edison when they started to build Ravenswood #1 and #2 units; received specifications and submitted competitive bids.

Talked about valves. Then supplied Crane and Chapman high pressure valves. Also a regular line of bronze, iron and steel valves, welding fittings and flanges. **Talked about piping.** Our Midwest Piping Division fabricated six different systems of piping for the hot lines section. **About pumping.** Five Crane-Deming service water pumps were installed. **About water treatment.** A Cochrane demineralization system purifies the feed water for make-up to the high pressure boiler.

Ravenswood #3 unit (the world's largest electric power generating unit) will go on line shortly producing one million kilowatts. Again, Crane talked to Con Edison. Crane produced fabricated piping to carry steam at over 1000°F; pumps and fittings; a complete water treatment system; and the biggest (36-inch) 600-psi gate valve ever built.

Crane is always ready to talk about fluid control and treatment systems, and always ready to produce the system you need.



600-PSI GATE VALVE

CRANE CO., 300 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 10022
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